

JOHN ELLIS LANCELEY.

# THE DEVIL OF NAMES

AND OTHER

## LECTURES AND SERMONS

BY THE LATE

REV. JOHN ELLIS LANCELEY

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER

INTRODUCTION BY THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.,

*Minister of the City Temple, London, England*

AND A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

*Chancellor of Victoria University, Toronto*

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS

WHOLEY BUILDING

HALLOWAL: C. W. DEATES

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## PREFACE.

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AT the request of many friends, this volume of lectures and sermons by the late Rev. John Ellis Lanceley has been prepared for publication. Some of these lectures have been delivered in nearly all the cities and towns of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in a great many places in the United States. To the thousands who have listened to them they will be of special interest. Bearing, as they do, the marks of "the vanished hand," they will lack, however, the magnetism they once possessed when delivered by "the voice that is still."

It is not thought that Mr. Lanceley had ever conceived the idea of publishing his lectures. Had he thought so, he certainly would have left the manuscripts in better shape than they were found, for his sense of literary excellence was so keen and high that he dreaded anything from his pen to appear in a crude and unfinished condition. Were he living, he would expunge, prune, and polish many sentences now found in the published volume. In his absence, we can only adhere strictly to the manuscript in its original form, and implore the critic to refrain from using the knife too vigorously.

The two sermons, "None But Thee," and "The New Song," were recently preached in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and at the earnest solicitation of many who heard Mr. Lanceley preach them they find a place here.

The immediate friends desire to express their gratitude to the Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., of City Temple, London, for his characteristic and touching tribute, and to Rev. Chancellor Burwash, S.T.D., of Victoria University, for the beautiful biographical sketch of the author.

" He rests from his labors,  
His works follow him."

E. B. LANCELEY.

KINGSTON, May, 1900.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER, MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

---

I HAVE heard of the death of my dear friend, the Rev. John E. Lanceley, with the greatest surprise and the most poignant regret. There is one star less visible in the firmament of my memory. My wife and I, in travelling across the Atlantic, made the acquaintance of Mr. Lanceley under circumstances which gave us considerable opportunity of knowing something about the many aspects of his unique personality. Morning, noon, and night, we conversed with Mr. Lanceley on almost innumerable subjects; and, as a consequence, we were not long in discovering that in him we had found a character of great depth, and a mind of unusual brightness. I do not know but that the word brightness expresses the sum total of his characteristics better than any other. Everything about Mr. Lanceley was bright: his face, his speech, his temper, his disposition. The quaintness of his style of conversation was quite notable. Without putting himself to any apparent effort he made remarks whose wit was in no wise diminished by his way of contributing to the conversation. Let me give

an instance or two. My wife and he were talking about the law of compensation or restoration which is always taking place throughout the whole ministry of Nature. Mrs. Parker said that she had noticed the working of this law, and specially its beneficent aspects. Nature seemed to bind up the wounds of the torn limb, of the shattered tree, and even the broken heart. Through and through Nature there seemed to run some happy variety of the great expression: "The Son of man is come not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." It belongs to the devil to destroy; it is the prerogative of the redeeming Christ to restore and redeem,—to redeem even with "precious blood." Mr. Lanceley admitted all this, and quaintly added: "No doubt there is a law of recovery, but I must say that I am not so sorry for the dog that has lost his tail as I am for the tail that has lost its dog." No words of mine can give any adequate account of the quiet half-whispered way in which Mr. Lanceley delivered this solemn and tender and comical judgment. Mr. Lanceley never said in effect, "Now I am going to be witty, look out for my sparks," he simply was witty and left his wit to make its own way in the world without any preface to its merit. One day we were talking about the advantages of travel, one of them being the enlargement and refreshing of the mind. "Yes," said Mr. Lanceley, "I have been talking about that to my uncle, whom I have been visiting in Barrow-in-Furness. My uncle never travels. I do not suppose he has ever seen London, or, indeed, any of the great cities of England.

Under this impression I said to him, 'Uncle, when you die and stand before your Maker, what will you say to Him when He asks, "What do you think of the wonderful world in which you have been living so long?" and all you can say to Him will be, "I have never seen anything of the world except Barrow?" Won't you be ashamed to confess this to the Almighty?'" This anecdote is no doubt helped by the word "Barrow." One of Daniel Webster's most brilliant retorts owes a good deal to the word "Buffalo," as may be remembered by those who appreciate a joke which is not wanting in verbal roughness.

We were one day speaking upon the subject of racial, in contradistinction to personal, immortality. Probably I had been talking somewhat riotously in order to develop my friend on theological and cognate subjects. I asked him whether he believed that immortality was personal in the sense that every man lived his own individual life in the world to come just as he had done in the world in which his life had begun. Mr. Lanceley was silent. I proceeded to inquire whether it was credible or incredible that men who lived thousands of years ago could be continuing their lives in some unknown part of the universe. My question was to the effect, whether it was not enough for a man to have served his own generation and thus have contributed to the well-being of the race as a whole? Then I put the question definitely to him, "What do you want with the Canaanites and Perizzites, the Hittites and the Jebusites?—do you want to see them?" Mr. Lanceley quietly, but



with inimitable quaintness, replied : " No, I do not ; but I want them to see me." That was one of the best possible answers to the great question of personal, as distinguished from racial, immortality.

One day we were leaning over a rail in order to see some games that were being played by the steerage passengers. One young man, who thought to be amusing at Mr. Lanceley's expense, said to him, with a young man's innocent banter : " Mr. Lanceley, don't you wish you were down there ? " " No," said Mr. Lanceley, " but I wish you were."

Taking him simply as a man of the world it would be difficult to excel him in good-nature, in generosity, in sensitive sympathy in nearly all aspects of physical and spiritual life. One of his most marked characteristics was his spontaneity. To be with Mr. Lanceley was like living on the bank of a flowing river clad on both sides with luxuriant foliage. When we went into the deeper subjects which concerned manhood, its evolution and education, his wit took the form of reverent hopefulness concerning the future of the world, the sovereignty of Christ, and the ultimate triumph of all things good and beautiful. Mr. Lanceley seemed to know things without going through any introductory process of hard study. If there is such a thing as genial intuition, intuition inspired by humor, that was one of the highest qualities of the intellectual life of my brilliant and beloved friend. He was endowed with a most healthy nature, with a most generous disposition, and with that kind of irrepressibility which never gave you the sense of being encroached

upon. Emphatically, Mr. Lanceley seemed to have received from his Lord the morning star, for all his ideas were associated with morning, morning dew, rising hopes, and ever-spreading light. We never closed the day without the feeling that Mr. Lanceley had led us up to higher lands, whence could be obtained wider and clearer views of the kingdom of heaven.

My wife and I spent a day or two in his simple and comfortable home, and there we saw Canadian family life in a most charming aspect. The little four-year-old girl sat at the table as if she were four-and-twenty. She was a most remarkable child; her comments upon the world were delightful in their simplicity. I can never forget how, when she and I were left together in the drawing-room, she quite spontaneously said, "When I first saw your picture I thought you were kind o' fierce," pronouncing the word fierce as if it were composed of several syllables—"feeaeerce." "But," said I, "you don't think so now, my dear?" Whereupon she answered in the one syllable, "No," but pronounced that one syllable with a "No" which blew away her first impression as unworthy alike of herself and of my spirit.

So John E. Lanceley is dead! Then, I repeat, a brilliant star has gone out of the visible firmament, but has gone to shine in wider spaces, and through a clearer atmosphere. What Mr. Lanceley was as a preacher I had no opportunity of forming an opinion. I never heard him preach or lecture, I heard only his ordinary conversation,

but I can never forget its simplicity, its quaintness, and its direct application to the things talked about. So the land beyond grows in extent, and daily increases in population. Truly it is the land of the majority. Every man who dies in the Master's service leaves more room for the man behind him, and imposes upon that man a larger and graver responsibility. I shall read the memoir of my friend with the deepest interest, and I am sure it will be widely read by those who honor a good man and desire to extend and perpetuate his best influence.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

---

**J**OHN ELLIS LANCELEY, the son of John and Jane Lanceley, was born at Birkenhead, England, January 10th, 1848. His father represented the finest type of English, skilled artisan, combining a strong moral and religious character with an active, well-informed, and well-developed mind, cultured in that most effective of all schools of life, the English railway workshop. He came to Canada at the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway, and, after a brief period in the employ of the Company at Montreal, was stationed in the repair shops at Cobourg in 1856. Here he soon won a high place in the esteem of the Church as an able and acceptable local preacher, one to whom the student always listened with satisfaction, and as a man born to lead in every branch of Christian work.

His mother was one of those gentle home-makers who resign the outer world that they may devote all the worth of their hearts to that supreme responsibility which God has entrusted to them alone, and from her he inherited the deep, tender sympathies, as well as the wonderful play of wit and fancy which made him so remarkable in after life.

At the early age of ten, John E. entered the preparatory department of Victoria College, and continued his studies until he had completed his second year as an undergraduate in Arts, when about sixteen. It was during this period that the writer first came to know the keen, brilliant, versatile lad who stood youngest on the college roll, and was at once the pet and the perplexity of tutors and older fellow-students. The child was already the father of the man, and the merry sallies and playful outbursts of the vivacious boy were the precursors of the depth of universal sympathy and power of imagination which marked the work of after years.

At the age of sixteen the failure of his father's health brought the lad's college life to an end, and henceforth he was thrown upon his own resources to make his way in life.

The event at the time seemed to be untoward, but in the order of God was doubtless one of the "all things" which "work together for good." His nature, so full of the energy and elasticity of deep emotional life, needed something of the sterner school of toil and struggle, the discipline of painstaking labor, as well as of contact with high ideals, if it were to grow strong as well as beautiful. Its exuberance needed the pruning which only the stern necessities of life can bring; and, above all, the deep moral and religious wants of his heart must be brought into full consciousness, and all this was accomplished during the next six years of active business life. In the employ, first of the railway company as telegraph operator, and subsequently of the

Royal Canadian Bank as accountant, he was stationed successively at Cobourg, Acton, Brampton, Port Huron, Hamilton, and Galt, making himself master of two lines of business, and reaching, in the railway, one of the best positions in his department, that of train-despatcher.

But during all this time the hand of God was leading him, and the call of God was speaking in the secret places of his heart. Few young men between sixteen and twenty-two were more exposed to the fascinations of pleasure. His brilliant gifts made him universally popular in all classes of society, and all doors were open to welcome him; but by one of those very attractive gifts God held him in a safe anchorage. He was possessed of a rare voice and an exquisite ear for music. Even as a child this gift was conspicuous, and found him a welcome place in the college choir. In after years, wherever he went, he was irresistibly drawn to the choir gallery, and soon found his place amongst the ablest and most popular of its members. The pastor and the whole congregation could not but know him, and to know him was to appreciate him and to make him at home both in the church and the social circle. He was thus kept continually in touch with the Church of his childhood, and, while his manhood was ripening under the toil of life, his heart was kept tender to the influences of grace. It was in the City of Hamilton, under the ministry of the Rev. John Potts, D.D., that these influences ripened into full decision for Christ, and that he consecrated his young manhood and all his life to the service of God.

After the ancient Methodist fashion, a custom which we would were still observed, he at once took his place in the class-meeting, and found his church home in that famous school of young converts and future Methodist preachers, the Sunday morning class of Edward Jackson. Here certainly congenial spirits met—the aged saint of seventy and the youth of twenty-one—but both alike men of keen, brilliant wit and deep sympathy, the old man with a religious experience as fresh and simple as on the day of his conversion, forty years before. How one could wish for some record of the meeting of these two in class, the wisdom of age and the impulses of youth, both glowing with the fervor of a living experience. In a few months his connection with the bank placed him in Galt, where the pastor was one of his old-time college friends, the Rev. Hall Christopherson. Congenial sympathies brought them into close touch with each other, and before the year was over the secret convictions of his heart were unbosomed, and John E. Lanceley was committed for life to the sacred responsibilities of the Gospel ministry. In the autumn of 1870 he resigned his position in the bank, and took his place, by appointment of the chairman, the Rev. W. S. Griffin, D.D., on the Washington circuit. The following year he was received by the Conference, and ordained by the Rev. Dr. Rice in the City of Hamilton in 1874. The years of his probation had been spent under the ancient *régime* of Wesleyan Methodism in Old Canada. One Conference covered the country from Gaspé to Victoria, and the preachers were subject to

call to any part of that vast territory. The year of his ordination was the year of the first union and the new constitution of Methodism, and his lot fell within the boundaries of the first London Conference, at once noted for its strong men and its Conference spirit. Here he filled terms at Chatham, Dundas, Guelph, Niagara Falls, London, St. Thomas, Dunnville, Burlington, and Thorold. Transferred to the Toronto Conference, he filled, first, McCaul Street and St. Paul's churches in the city; then Barrie, and, finally, received his last station at Parliament Street, in Toronto. He was chairman of the Barrie and Brampton districts, and a member of the General Conferences of 1894 and 1898.

In the course of this work he achieved a reputation as a lecturer and preacher which extended over the Dominion and the United States. It at one time secured him an invitation to the Mount Vernon Methodist Church in Baltimore, but it was not possible to secure the necessary transfer to the Baltimore Conference.

His strength lay in a remarkable literary gift, of which the lectures which follow this brief sketch, as well as the volume of sermons and essays already published, will afford a good example. This ability was founded in the depth of his moral and religious nature and the wonderful sensitiveness of his human sympathies. No aspect of human life or passion or character escaped his instinctive feeling for its presence. He seemed to possess an intuitive power to divine the secret places of universal human nature, and to



this was added a rare gift of portraiture in fitting words. His address was thus ever to the hearts of men, and he seldom failed to carry his audience with him into the swift, eddying current of ever-changeful emotion—now grave, pathetic or tearful, now full of sportive mirth, and again all bright and beautiful with the glory of the highest and best things. Such gifts found peculiar scope in the pulpit, and many of his portraits of Christian life and character reached to the loftiest heights of Christian experience.

To such a man as Brother Lanceley, his home would naturally be the most delightful and sacred sphere of life. In September, 1877, he married Miss Caroline E. Ward, of Niagara Falls. In this home two sons and three daughters shared the ever-youthful spirit and tender sympathies of such a father, and from it the boys both preceded him to the home above.

His quiet parsonage home was ever to him the place of supreme duties, and the sphere in which all the beauty of his character was seen to the best advantage. No allurements of outside society would induce him to disappoint the ones who were waiting for the sound of father's returning footsteps. The study door was ever open to the children. Their little prattling mirth mingled freely with the sound of pen which traced his most brilliant thoughts; nor were they ever less tender and beautiful from the suggestions inspired by the presence of loving, innocent childhood. Every want and childish sorrow was carried to father, nor was he ever so busy as to disappoint the simple faith of

their little hearts. For them father could do everything, and even the fevered infant could be charmed to rest in his arms as nowhere else. To the mother and daughters are left, as a blessed heritage, such memories of a father's beautiful, loving character.

But the whole Church shared his sympathies and the deep devotion of his life. He loved Methodism and lived for her interests. All that God had given him was consecrated to her service. If he had visions of the highest and best things not often seen by other men, they were ever employed as ideals to summon the whole Church to a higher platform of spiritual life. I never knew him to indulge in lofty professions of Christian attainment. Cant phrases were, perhaps, of all things most abhorrent to his nature. He was emphatically a transparent, outspoken man, and in the peculiarly impetuous play of his nature, his thoughts rushed forth into words without taking on either commonplace or premeditated forms. In his visions of beauty and truth and goodness there was an unconsciousness of self. They were to him visions of the heavenly rather than things of himself to be boasted of; but, at the same time, all felt that the very power to see these things was proof that he often worshipped near by the throne.

The body in which this flaming spirit was enclosed was never of the most robust. Tall, lithe, active, full of intense nervous energy, its powers were always taxed to the utmost. He was never idle, and his plans were always overflowing

with work. In the midst of preparatory services for evangelistic work, he was seized with the prevailing epidemic. In spite of illness he persisted with his labor till prostrated by pneumonia. After a few short days, March 5th, 1900, "he was not, for God took him."

N. BURWASH.

## The Devil of Names.

HAVING quite a strong ambition to open our lecture with something original, we concluded that the most unusual thing we could do would be to tell just where we got it, and how little there is in it to call original. At the outset, to those who do not like the title we can say, with hope of winning their favor, the title is not original. No doubt many of you are familiar with it as the caption of a poem written some years ago and published in the works of the late witty and beloved John Godfrey Saxe. And, indeed, that you may all know to what a large extent we are indebted for our lessons of wisdom to-night, I have thought it wisest to ask you to listen to a rehearsal of the poem in its entirety. As you listen to it, I am sure it will suggest to you some things beyond what I may have discovered in it ; though I assure you I feel under large obligation to it for the way it has quickened my own thought upon so important a theme. Will you hear Mr. Saxe's version of the legend :

At an old-fashioned inn with a pendulous sign,  
Once graced with the head of "The King of the Kine,"  
But innocent now of the slightest "design,"  
Save calling low people to spurious wine ;  
While the villagers, drinking and playing "all fours,"  
And cracking small jokes, with vociferous roars,  
Were talking of horses, and hunting and—scores  
Of similar topics a bar-room adores,  
But which rigid morality greatly deplores,  
Till as they grew high in their bacchanal revels,  
They fell to discoursing of witches and devils—

A neat little rap,

Just the ghost of a tap,

That would scarcely have wakened a flea from his nap,  
Not at all in its sound like your "Rochester knocking,"  
Where asses in herds are diurnally flocking ;  
But twice as mysterious, and vastly more shocking,  
Was heard at the door by the people within,  
Who stopped in a moment their clamorous din,  
And ceased in a trice from their jokes and their gin ;

When who should appear,

But an odd-looking stranger somewhat "in the sear,"  
(He seemed at least in his sixtieth year),  
And he limped in a manner exceedingly queer,  
With trousers uncommonly wide in the rear,  
And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,  
And he had in his eye a most villainous leer,  
Quite enough to make anyone tremble with fear !

Whence he came,

And what was his name,

And what was his purpose in venturing out,  
And whether his lameness was "gammon" or gout,  
Or merely fatigue from strolling about,  
Were questions involved in a great deal of doubt,  
    When, taking a chair  
    With a sociable air,  
Like that which your Uncle's accustomed to wear,  
Or a broker determined to sell you a share  
In his splendid "New England gold mining" affair,  
He opened his mouth, and went on to declare  
    That he was the devil—"Is that what you are?"  
    Cried one of the guests assembled there,  
    With a sudden start and a frightened stare.  
"Nay, don't be alarmed," the stranger exclaims,  
"At the name of the devil—I'm the 'Devil of Names!'  
    You'll wonder why  
    Such a devil as I,  
Who ought, you would think, to be subtle and shy,  
Should venture in here with never a doubt,  
And let the best of his secrets out ;  
    But mind you, my boys,  
    It's one of the joys  
Of the cunningest woman and craftiest man,  
To run as quickly as ever they can,  
And put a confidante under ban  
Not to publish their favorite plan !  
    And even the de'il  
    Will sometimes feel  
A little of that remarkable zeal,  
And (when it's safe) delights to tell

The very deepest arcana of — well ;  
Besides, my favor this company wins,  
For I value next to capital sins  
Those out and outers who revel in inns !

So, not to delay,

I'm going to say

In the very fullest and frankest way,  
All about my honors and claims, and  
Projects and plans, and objects and aims,  
And why I'm called the 'The Devil of Names !'

I cheat by false graces

And duplicate faces,

And treacherous praises,

And by hiding bad things under plausible phrases !

I'll give you a sample

By way of example.

Here's a bottle before me will suit to a T

For a nice illustration ; this liquor, d'ye see,

Is the water of death, tho' toppers agree

To think it, and drink it, as pure '*Eau de vie* ;'

I know what it is—that's sufficient for me !

For the blackest of sins, and crimes, and shames,

I find soft words and innocent names.

The hells devoted to Satan's games

I christen 'saloons' and 'halls,' and then,

By another contrivance of mine again,

They are only haunted by 'sporting men,'

A phrase which many a gamester begs,

In spite of the saw that 'eggs is eggs,'

To whiten his nigritudinous legs !

To debauches I graciously grant  
The favor to be 'a little gallant,'  
And soften vicious vagrancy down,  
By civilly speaking of 'men about town.'  
There's cheating and lying  
In selling and buying,  
And all sorts of frauds and dishonest exactions,  
I've brought to the smallest of moral infractions  
Merely by naming them 'business transactions.'  
There's swindling, now, is 'vastly more fine'  
As 'banking'—a lucky invention of mine  
Worth ten in the old diabolical line.  
In lesser matters it's all the same,  
I gain the thing by yielding the name ;  
It's really quite the broadest of jokes,  
But, on my honor, there's plenty of folks  
So uncommonly fond of verbal cloaks  
They can't enjoy the dinners they eat,  
Court the muse of the twinkling feet,  
Laugh or sing, or do anything meet  
For Christian people, without a cheat  
To make their happiness quite complete.  
The Boston saints  
Are fond of these feints !  
A theatre rouses the loudest complaints  
Till it's thoroughly purged from pestilent taints  
By the charm of a name and a pious *Te Deum*—  
Yet they patronize actors and handsomely fee 'em !  
Keep (shade of 'the Howards !') a gay 'athenæum,'  
And have, above all, a harmless 'museum'  
Where folks who love plays may religiously see 'em.



But leaving a trifle which cost me more trouble  
By far than the worth of so flimsy a bubble,  
I come to a matter which really claims  
The studious care of the 'Devil of Names.'  
There's 'Charity' now—"

But the lecture was done,  
Like old Goody Morey's, when scarcely begun,  
The Devil's discourse by its serious teaching  
Had set 'em a-snoring like regular preaching !  
One look of disdain on the sleepers he threw,  
As in bitter contempt of the slumbering crew,  
And the devil had vanished without more ado—  
A trick, I suspect, that he seldom plays you !

Now, being a preacher myself, you have no idea how much I was moved to sympathy with this ambassador of the lower regions in the peculiar fact that when he began to talk good, square, valuable sense, his audience went off to sleep. And I have many times wondered if the devil tempts us preachers to talk nonsense for the sake of keeping the people awake, or tempts us to talk good strong sense and send them to sleep ; for either would answer his purpose very well so far as church-goers are concerned.

Ever since I was introduced to this "Devil of Names" I have been watching his tactics, and marking the wondrous extent of his work in the activities of the human career. He is not by any means the only devil at work, for there are those who have other

trades in the spiritual realm who do a large business with human confederates. But it is particularly the work of this agent to keep to the front and learn the best things which are current in the world of truth, and then to steal their nomenclature and adapt it to his genius of deception.

It is not quite consistent with the ministerial calling to invite my congregation to take the devil for a guide; and yet I confess that is just what I am about to do. I want you to follow up his tracks a little while, and learn something of the work in which he has scored his brilliant success. The "Devil of Names" is quite a respectable character. I do not think you will feel at all uneasy in his company. He has made it his business to form friendship with the front ranks of society, and to attain a remarkable familiarity with the most intelligent and cultured of our race. By his own testimony we learn that his sphere of operation is in the language of mankind.

The thoughtful observer easily perceives that there is no wider sphere for good and evil than that of words. The dictionary of any people will tell us all the rest. It bears the stamp of their greatness and their degradation, of their good and evil in public career or private haunt. By man's words is he justified, and by his words is he condemned. His word pictures are the most impressive. His

vocabulary shows us the veritable transcripts of his innermost life—the genuine panorama of his unfolding hope and faith and far-reaching imagination. There also are the statements of his disease and degradation; and long indeed is the catalogue of words which have to do with sorrow and sighing, suffering and sin. The “Devil of Names” plays his game with the words we put into his hands. His scheme is to shuffle and misplace them so as to win his trick each time to the defeat of his victim. Let us try and detect him in some of his devices.

Wise, as a devil would be, we find he pursues his way to the very foundations underlying our whole structure for the pursuit of truth. Setting out to find his tracks, we are led at the outset into the very realm of the literary and philosophic world. Here we will find that he has spent a deal of time, in later years especially, constructing phraseology for the teacher of philosophy. In the legend he has informed us that for “sins and crimes and shames” he finds “soft words and innocent names.” And really, in this sphere of operation, his work has been so perfect that the word “sin” is completely eliminated from the philosopher’s vocabulary.

I have in my possession a standard dictionary of philosophy; and when I got a little stirred up over my discoveries of the devil’s work I seized this

dictionary to look for the word "sin." Well, it was there; but nothing after it but a polite request to look at some other terms. It was not marked "obsolete," as in an ordinary dictionary, but it was treated in precisely the same manner in every other respect. What is called "sin" by honest men and God is shaded off by our hero of soft words into such terms as error, accident, inexperience, misdirection, imperfection, disharmony, undevelopment. And, with sin as a principle shaded completely away, the sins of humanity can easily be named and colored to appear as beauty spots upon the very interesting animal. For verily now every spot and wrinkle can be accounted for in the elaborate evolution; and this is one of the signs of progress moving on to a more wonderful complexity.

Since writing the above words I have been out attending a session of a Relief Committee. One of the saddest cases under consideration was a family of eight children in rags, destitute, and with drunken father and a worthless mother. The question of *improvidence* was before us, and we simple-minded folks were feeling that a man who flings a family out on the world with a vague hope that it will be taken care of somehow is a brutal and shameless wretch. But sitting down at my table, I find Rev. W. L. Watkinson quoting one of the foremost writers on these

questions in the words: "Indirectly the poor man who brings forth children he cannot feed is a public benefactor; he renders the struggle of life more acute, and by that means stimulates the energies of his race." Of course I recognized at once the footprints of our inglorious hero. He is going to give the gold medal of the philosophy school to this improvident wretch; exalting him to a patriot, a humanitarian, "rendering great service to society by making the struggle of life more acute, and stimulating the energies of our race." You would hardly believe that the wily devil would be able thus to capture and use for his own purposes these "lovers of wisdom." But here he is.

I have marked the shame of improvidence for which he has found such an honorable distinction. Now let me ask you to hear the philosophers describe some other of our "sins and crimes and shames." Take what we ordinary, common-sense people all agree to call an "unmitigated evil," a "crying shame," a "burning sin," a "national crime;" I mean *intemperance*. Now listen to the Hon. Mr. Matthieu Williams as he goes on to tell us most eloquently that "those beings who are fit to survive as members of a civilized community will spontaneously avoid intemperance; whilst those who are incapable of the general self-restraint demanded by advancing

civilization are provided by alcoholic liquors with the means of happy despatch, and they will be gradually sifted out by natural alcoholic selection."

Come unto me, all ye weeping children of the drunkard, whose fathers are filling the drunkards' graves! Now we can erase the sad words that have made hotter your fast-flowing tears. Never more need we say "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." We can raise a nice clean stone over father's neglected grave, and write the beautiful epitaph: "Happily despatched by the quiet sifting of nature's alcoholic selection!"

See how the "Devil of Names" has made alcohol thus a splendid instrument of civilization, eliminating in a happy way the feebler members, and preparing the way for the superior to follow. The drunkards are the unconscious benefactors. Shall there not be some place of future reward for them? The superior ones who are to follow ought not to enjoy alone the bliss for which the others accepted an untimely death, even though it came in the form of "a happy despatch."

One moment more in this area of the work of the "Devil of Names." We have spoken of improvidence and intemperance; now listen to the philosophic Mr. Sinclair on the question of *impurity*. He writes in "sweetness and light" on this dark subject. He

says: "What we call prostitutes are not the worst, but generally the best of the lower classes, people of a fine physique (and Spenser says the soul, if it gets fair play, corresponds with the body), people who cannot get their match in the sphere where born, and must, by the holiest of all instincts—that of truth—seek upward by any means." What do you think of that for an achievement in the realm of the psychological glossarist? Prostitution—"the holiest instinct seeking upward!" Akin to this, an article in the *Fortnightly Review* a short time since coolly states that "adultery may be regarded as a new experiment in living."

And Mr. Lily, speaking of one of the symptoms of our day, refers to the "apotheosis of prostitution as a new and distinctive note of our epoch." A few weeks ago I read with great interest an able article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled, "Man's Place in Cosmos." It referred to the genesis and process of good and evil. This was a scientific study; and in this article "sins and crimes and shames" had lost their honest names and were dressed up in terms called scientific. The article was written to show the disagreement among scientists, who have the same phenomena or facts before them. Each man has a small law of evolution peculiar to himself by which he evolves a different conclusion from the rest. I am not desirous

of entering into the merits of the argument here. I only want to make a quotation from what I was reading in order that you may mark the "soft words and innocent names" which the infernal emissary has succeeded in placing here as the technique of science! Listen! "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution of another which may be called the ethical process. And let us understand that the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."

He says, "let us understand." But not any of his critics seem to think he understands himself, for the able Spenser replies to the able Huxley: "If the ethical man is not a product of the cosmic process, what is he the product of?"

I have quoted this to you as a good illustration of how the work of "finding soft names" is carried on in scientific literature. I will not dwell longer here, but move on to other ground.

One of the latest clever phases of the work of our energetic name-giver is quite a popular one. It is in the realm of the people's literature. You know that it has always been the boast of the worshippers of "Jehovah and His conquering Son" that atheism has shown a marked inability to enrich the pages of history, or to fill our practical daily life with beautiful



characters to which it can point as fruit. This great barrier to the progress of atheism has been undertaken by the "Devil of Names," in his new fellowship with the writers of fiction. There being no real men or women whose names are fragrant with both goodness and unbelief, he has inspired the novel-writers to manufacture some magnificent characters with the gifts and graces of an ideal manhood, yet destitute of a faith in Christ, and void of worship toward the God of revelation. I need not go down the catalogue of modern fiction; indeed, I could not very well if I would, for I tire full soon of the shallower story. But I have read quite enough to be satisfied that an appeal to the fiction-readers will readily recall the "dummy" dressed up by the "Devil of Names," the decoy duck set for the purpose of giving the false a place among the true. You have seen the figure-head. You will see him again. Have you been deceived? Have you thought him to be real? Demand his place in the history of human progress—in to-day's life—in its politics, its commerce, its benefactions. Be not deceived again. I thoroughly believe that just as the army of Moses marched toward the pillar of cloud and fire, so will the great army of humanity march with confidence toward that ideal of goodness and holiness we call God, filling all the advance space with its radiance. But I also believe that the enemy

will mock that radiance with his phosphorescence, and beckon the unwary with his false lights, and boast of his evil deeds to our discomfiture.

And now, just before leaving the realm of literature, I want you to mark another change made in this large and influential sphere of human study or play.

It was always a part of the honesty of the old writers to call death the "great enemy," and to shrink before the "black and horrible grave." And, moreover, the greatest triumph ever seen or ever heard of by the human soul was the triumph of Easter, when One burst the barriers of the tomb and brought life and immortality to light.

But now, that the honor given to Christ may be dimmed, and the seriousness of soul which comes at the thought of death may be dispelled; that the bacchanal be not checked in his revelry, nor the worldling be startled when counting over his hoard; that no extraordinary impulse of thought should come to a soul urging it to look for a refuge or salvation, the "Devil of Names" has been very energetic in his commendations of his great friend "Death."

The new writers will be represented in the words of one, who labors with elaborate sentiment to pose as the very ardent lover of death. He pleads with humanity to believe that "nothing can come to us

more lovely than death." He would have us deck up the old hag in the loveliest of verbal vesture: "Delicate," "lovely and soothing," "delicious," "coming to us with serenades," and "laving us with a flood of bliss;" *these* are his love words for death. He would have us "go forth with dances and chants of welcome," and bids us to "nestle close to death." I have seen triumphs over death; but, ah, I have seen defeats, too. And I have read the sad faces of humanity long enough to feel that it is better to be honest about the bane, and then this sin-cursed, death-smitten humanity may be led to look toward the antidote. Better, I say, to stick to the old words, "As by one man sin came into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men," and then hear over against them the triumphant declaration, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" To a sinful world there is an awful sting in death and an awful defeat in the grave; but this clothing in the drapery of honeyed speech our veriest of all enemies gives but the free rein to lust, and loosens the bands of every evil. I recall a few verses that were stamped on my youthful memory, which serve well to keep me from being deceived in these days by the new nomenclature for man's latest foe. Hear them; they may be to you of similar service:

" There were sounds of mirth and joyousness  
    Broke forth in the lighted hall,  
And there was many a merry laugh  
    And many a merry call :  
And the glass was freely passed around,  
    And the nectar freely quaffed ;  
And many a heart felt light with glee  
    And the joy of the thrilling draught.

" A voice arose in that place of mirth,  
    And a glass was flourished high ;  
' I drink to Life,' said a son of earth,  
    ' And I do not fear to die.  
I have no fear—I have no fear—  
    Talk not of the vagrant, Death ;  
For he is a grim old gentleman  
    And he wars with but his breath.

" " Cheer, comrades, cheer ! we drink to life,  
    And we do not fear to die '—  
Just then a rushing sound was heard  
    As of spirits sweeping by ;  
And presently the latch flew up,  
    And the door flew open wide,  
And a stranger strode within the hall  
    With an air of martial pride.

" He spoke : ' I join in your revelry,  
    Bold sons of the Bacchanal rite,  
And I drink the toast you have drunk before,  
    The pledge of your dauntless knight.

Fill high—fill high—we drink to Life,  
And we scorn the reaper, Death ;  
For he is a grim old gentleman  
And he wars but with his breath.

“ He’s a noble soul, that knight of yours,  
And he bears a martial brow ;  
Oh, he’ll pass the gates of Paradise  
To the regions of bliss below ! ’  
This was too much for the Bacchanal,  
Fire flashed from his angry eye,  
A muttered curse, a vengeful oath—  
‘ Intruder, thou shalt die.’

“ He struck—and the stranger’s guise fell off,  
And a phantom form stood there,  
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,  
With rotten and mildewed hair !  
And they struggled awhile till the stranger blew  
A blast of his withering breath,  
And the Bacchanal fell at the phantom’s feet,  
And his conqueror was—Death.”

Now, I must confess here that I am fearing you will hardly appreciate the very serious character which my lecture has assumed. But really a subject which began in a much less serious form of thought, has shown proportions far beyond what at first were even conceived.

We have perceived the operator in his subtle work with the very foundations of human thought and

speech ; and now we will mark some of the evidences of his wide-reaching work upon the surface of our everyday life. We shall not be too rigid in our classification, and the extent of the field must make our work only suggestive at best.

Among other things, I have often watched the subtle shuffler of words clothing up the speeches of the public agitators in their efforts to stop the work of honest toilers, and distort the minds of the contented and pure that they should not discern good from evil on account of the mixture of terms.

Oh, how I wish these emissaries of evil could be unmasked ! Proud, idle adventurers, most of them, who have become disgusted themselves with the honest handicraft by which they fed their families, and have thrown down the ignominious tool of labor, have discarded the hammer, the shuttle, or the axe, to jump up on platforms and persuade their fellows to appoint them presidents or secretaries of some really "grunt and grumble association," but ornamented by a high sounding name, and pay them so much a year for their great sacrifice in giving up their business to advocate "the rights of the people." There are no greater braggarts and cowards in all creation than these bawling demagogues who sponge upon the poor workingmen for a living, and hide the face of a hypocrite beneath the mask of a

humanitarian. I have seen the terrible destruction they work. I have looked one day upon the working-man's paradise, acres of white flame flinging its lurid light up against the sky, and the midnight echoes hoarse with the clash of hammers, the belch of blast furnaces, and the clang of whirling machines; men going home to their cottages whistling the tune of content, and clinking the honest wages in their pockets like cymbals beating time to the music, and the homeward march of honor and of happiness. I have seen all this, and then I have seen that paradise lost. I have looked out upon the moonlight touching into grim relief the heaps of dead coal-dust, and chimneys and kilns and furnace shafts, smokeless and idle like upright corpses, or rather like monuments over the graves of once thriving industries. And I have found the solution in the serpent of names teaching the people to call evil good, and good evil, and tempting them by all the flattery of a slimy tongue to strike for "liberty," to demand their "rights," to sound the first note of the prodigal's fall, "Give me the portion of goods which falleth to me." And now, I tell you that the men you see strutting through this world demanding their "rights" and asserting their "independence" will soon have no rights to demand, and will soon have to confess their utter dependence.

We must undo this cursed work of the "Devil of Names." This cry of "my rights and your duties" must change to its original God-given shape of "my duties and your rights" before men can get the blessings that would be desirable for all the children of men. They cannot come to us by our demanding them, or seeking them for ourselves; and so long as we refuse the words of Him who is the Truth, and rally round the words of the father of lies, we must expect to sigh over the failure of all our efforts. We are ready to organize under any flag but the standard of the Cross. We are ready to hear the bray of any earthly ass, and follow in the wake of his leadership, if he only tells us to seek our own welfare and fight for it. We are under the spell of the "Devil of Names."

But, coming a little further to the front of our ordinary life, we shall behold on every hand the fruitage of our hero's indefatigable toil. Walk out into the business mart, and there scarcely any other language is spoken but that of the "Devil of Names." Yonder is some brawling dunner calling you into a mock auction-room. Go in and you will hear him in the well-known tongue selling his cutlery and his customers at once, and making merchandise of trash and truth in the same transaction. Here a mysterious-looking lout comes and pokes a little



handbill into your hand, announcing that the celebrated Dr. Chantopksi is at the Sneak House prepared to heal all manner of disease in three days "without pain," *i.e.*, without pain to himself, of course.

Yonder is an old soldier, apparently, with his coat sleeve pinned up to his breast and his arm stuck down under his shirt, and a placard full of the most piteous appeals suspended from his neck, with the choicest synonyms of "charity" and "desert" that the devil's dictionary can furnish. Then there is the great double window covered with immense black-lettered bills announcing an "enormous sacrifice" going on. As you enter and watch the sacrificing you wonder how they can do it all so cheerfully, and you think that here they have attained the highest of moral and religious courage, where they sacrifice, and endure loss, and bear long-suffering with joyfulness all the live-long day. Really, there is no place where language has so totally lost its meaning as it has in business announcements, in advertisements, labels, trade-marks, in every place where signs and words are used.

I know I could greatly amuse you if I were to attempt the iteration of some of the extravaganzas of business deception, but you must forgive me for hurrying on, as my ground is not half covered yet. A walk to and from school or work will reveal

to you enough for a day's enjoyment if you walk with open eyes. But I do want to impress you with the folly of it ; yea, I must say the evil of it—the sin of it. I will give you one illustration of what I mean by the utter prostitution of language in business life. I know a man of the highest honor and strictest integrity. He is a miller. He has several brands of flour on the market. His lowest grade is called "Superfine" ; his highest grade is called "Hillside." Now, you see, the lowest grade seems to need some sort of help from a high-sounding name to get it off upon society. The highest grade gives worth to the name. The name itself has no significance as to flour. It is the name of one of his mills. But the flour has been tried and won an honest repute for itself, which no "highfalutin" brand could ever give it in the market. This work of advertisement has ruined itself along the lines of exaggeration. No one supposes for a moment that the language has any honest effort of expression in it.

Whether deserved or not, the world has given the palm for this form of evil to the people who own this magnificent country of America.\* It is supposed to originate in the efforts of language to describe so elaborate an abode. From the elaboration of country

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\* This lecture as here given was originally delivered in Brooklyn, N.Y., hence this reference.

the average American goes on to describe other things on the same scale. I would never have believed it but for what I, myself, really have found of American wordage. Listen to your brother speaking :

“This is a glorious country ! It has longer rivers and more of them ; and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower and do more damage than anybody else’s rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger, and clearer, and wetter than those of any other country. Our railway trains are bigger, and run rapider, and pitch off oftener, and kill more people than all the railways in the world. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than the steamboat captains of any other country. Our men are bigger, and longer and thicker ; can fight harder and faster, and drink more whiskey, and chew more tobacco, and spit more and spit farther than the men in any other land. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansiver for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner than any children on the earth.”

This extravagant verbosity is really one of the most prolific things under the sun. The orator on the stump is not the only victim of its fascinating spell. The lawyer writes it in his enunciation of the statutes

which the most illiterate man is supposed to know. If, according to law, a man would give to you an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," which ought to be sufficient, he would say, "I hereby transfer to you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of and in that orange; with all the rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now entitled to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the said orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips; anything heretofore or hereafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments, of whatever nature or kind, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

Even the boys are caught by the infection. "That's what Bill tells me anyway—that's how I know about it. Bill told me once he used to have a dog—one of those little kind of dogs—and he was flying a kite, and just for fun he tied the kite-string to his dog's tail. And then the wind struck her, and his dog went a-scudding down the street with his hind legs in the air for about a mile, when the kite all of a sudden began to go up, and in about a minute the dog was fifteen miles high, and commanding a view of California and Egypt, I think Bill said. He came down,

anyhow, I know, in Brazil, and Bill said he swam home all the way in the Atlantic Ocean, and when he landed his legs were nibbled off by sharks. I wish father'd buy me a dog, so's I could send him up that way. But I never could have any luck. Bill said that where they used to live he went out on the roof one day to fly his kite, and he sat on top of the chimley to give her plenty of room ; and while he was a-sitting there thinking about nothing, the old man put a keg of powder down below in the fire-place to clean the soot out of the chimley. And when he touched her off, Bill was blown over agin the Baptist church steeple, and he landed on the weathercock with his pants torn, and they couldn't get him down for three days ; so he hung there, going round and round with the wind, and he lived by eating the crows that came and sat on him, because they thought he was made of sheet-iron, and put there on purpose."

The rage for high verbal coloring and for the abnormal in every display is such that a plain statement of a fact, even though remarkable in itself, makes absolutely no impression. Not very long ago the New York papers published, as a curious item, a statement to the effect that a horse had pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. Whereupon another paper, in utter disgust, declared that there was absolutely noth-

ing at all worth mentioning in that—nothing new, nothing extraordinary. It declared: "If the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug; or, if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the horse and slaked his thirst with the plug; or, if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse; or, if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole; or, if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse, and slaked the plug with the barrel; or, if the bung-hole had plugged its thirst with a slake, there might be some sense in publishing the novelty to the world."

Now, if it be true that the ear of humanity has become so completely degenerated that only such forms of speech as are abnormal can make any impression upon them, we may perhaps be excused for leaning a little toward sensationalism. But the more we honestly look into this work of the "Devil of Names," the more confident I am we shall see the necessity for some stringent measures to reach a more truthful form of statement when we speak between man and man. There is no place where the operations of this ornamental sign-writer are more to be feared than in connection with what we might call our recreations. In the poem which introduced our subject he is represented as saying:

" It's really quite the broadest of jokes,  
But, on my honor, there's plenty of folks  
So uncommonly fond of verbal cloaks  
They can't enjoy the dinners they eat,  
Court the muse of the twinkling feet,  
Laugh or sing, or do anything meet  
For Christian people, without a cheat  
To make their happiness quite complete.

The Boston saints

Are fond of these feints !

A theatre rouses the loudest complaints  
Till it's thoroughly purged from pestilent taints  
By the charm of a name and a pious *Te Deum*,—  
Yet they patronize actors and handsomely fee 'em,  
Keep (Shade of 'the Howards' !) a gay 'athenæum,'  
And have, above all, a harmless 'museum'  
Where folks who love plays may religiously see 'em."

Now, I can tell by the twinkle of your eye that there is room for some strong talk right along this line ; but as I am not your pastor direct, I will not come too close to your own foolery, into which some of you have been led by the "Devil of Names."

I shall express my most profound, old-fashioned, and stubborn prejudice against the Church of Christ being the servant of the devil on week-days and the servant of God on Sundays. There is not a gift of music, of poesy, of literary talent, of oratory, that cannot find its highest form of expression in things that

are of good report ; and I am jealous, indeed, for the highest truths that are waiting a just and worthy expression before the world, that the best powers of Christian professors should be placed at the feet of the foibles and follies of a degenerate race. We want a demonstration of the Spirit, and a manifestation of the truth of God. This is the need of the age. Why then should we be deceived to think that we are doing the work of God in attaching the trifles of silly souls to the programme of a Christian diary ? And especially in public ! It might be thought that a few hours of personal relaxation in our homes or places of retreat would be helpful to prepare us for our best and strongest work in the public declaration of the Church's duty and glory. And so it is to my mind a base slander on the religion of soul-saving by self-sacrifice to see the catch-penny politics of some of our religious institutions to gain the public ear for vain and selfish purposes.

I have before me one or two cuttings from the newspaper advertisements of church entertainments not far in place or date from this point in time and space. Here is one : "The evening's entertainment will be both unique and varied. First on the carpet there will be a vocal and instrumental concert conducted by Mr. —, and by Miss —, and by Keating's Orchestra Band. The best lady singer in



the West takes part, and the treat will be rich. A beautiful and well conducted fish-pond has been arranged in which the Isaac Waltons of our city will have the pleasure of trying their luck in angling for gudgeons, suckleback, porgee, suckers, haddock and halibut. A very nice wheehackle-duck has been built in the corner of the room in which the "What is it" is kept, and any one desiring a change of programme can be accommodated in an instant. Tea, coffee, chocolate, oysters, ice-cream, can be taken to fill up the intervals. If any member of the human family cannot enjoy the entertainment, he deserves to have his 'cabbage proke mid ter pack.' "

In connection with the entertainment a prize was to be given to the handsomest man and the prettiest woman by votes cast. The following were among the announcements of the candidates for the honors :

" Mr. ——— would respectfully solicit the votes of his friends, as he has secured a beautiful twist in the corner of his face, and in consequence he thinks he will be successful at the polls."

" Mr. ——— presents his compliments and his phisamahogany to his friends, satisfied that on close inspection he will be the successful competitor."

" Miss ——— presents her claims for the scissors-prize. She has purchased the latest styles of artistic helps, tilters, heavers, etc., etc., and is satisfied she will lead in the race, and bear off the honors."

Another orthodox church started up a Sunday School festival (heaven save the mark!), and ran it for three or four nights. One of the characters—a little girl—was stuffed and dressed to represent "The Lamb of God." Among the tableaux was one representing the Lord's Prayer.

Now, if I had to choose between the least harmful of two entertainments, I would choose, before such a one as that mentioned, a good negro-minstrel show. The one is a real, honest, purposed diversion, where you are asked to go for pure fun, to laugh at jokes and be stirred by songs of social cheer. There is no hypocrisy about it and no footprint, at least, of the "Devil of Names."

But the religious playhouse is an awful solemn farce. When should ever prayer be played at? When should religious scenes and characters be put up for dramatic flourish and effect? When should worship be imitated or acted? When? God help us! *Never.* NEVER.

And have we not enough of the street pictures, and the attractive mottoes and catch words, and glowing eulogies to present the vilest and most degrading things to the minds and hearts of our youth? Shall the Church of God go into the show business and thereby countenance the tactics of the children of darkness? Have we not yet learned that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal?

Oh, it is a wonderful, wide, wily work in which this "Devil of Names" is engaged. He has to put up his attractive titles to catch at every temper of mind. I cannot understand, myself, just why some of the most indecent places in one of the largest cities I ever was in should have such peculiar names. It was a study to me; and it left me to feel that one older than I in sin had learned the relative value of terms. I found such names for the lowest (as well as some called highest) drinking and carousing dens as "The Singed Cat," "The Joan of Arc," "The Flying Sow," "The Strangled Parrot," "The Snake and the Monkeys," "The Maids of Alsatia," "The Cripples' Retreat." It is true this was a city where vice was not hidden away as among us, or driven back to shield itself behind the still more innocent and attractive names with which we are favored. So long as I live I shall never forget that the dirtiest, lowest, beastliest hole I ever knew for human gathering had a little sign over it called "The Queen's Arms." But who ever invented that name for such a place of resort? No one but an expert in deceptive nomenclature could ever have conceived of the like. It is born of the same spirit as that which takes the poisonous cup of intoxication, which has swept more bodies into the grave and more souls into hell than any other form of human indulgence, and paints upon it a

name filched from heaven itself—from before the throne of God where dwells the Immortal Son of God—even the “Water of Life,” the “*Eau de vie*” of heaven. The poor, simple Indian came far nearer the truth when he termed it the “fire-water.” Not to portray truth, however, but to conceal it, forms the genius of the “Devil of Names.”

I had a little argument with a friend of mine while I was preparing this lecture. I was inclined to believe that men were more susceptible to the influence of the word-painter than women. I found it much harder to sustain my point than I had imagined. As usual, one woman, here and there, had given her innocent sisters away. But, fortunately for me in the argument, I knew of some that had stood firm and invulnerable against the mightiest shafts of the foe. The strongest witness that came upon his side of the case was brought from the State of Indiana. She was discussing a subject where the finest language was becoming, and where doubtless the truth would have beamed with beauty. But she was a victim to the spell of the “Devil of Names,” as you will see. These are her words: “Let us take a bird’s-eye view of the men as we find them—the men with their ‘noble passions’ and their prominent qualifications. What is their love? It is egotism. Their heroism? Just dare devilism. Their cleverness? It is imaginary.

Their vows of love? Perjury. Their faith and fidelity? A broken reed. Their good-nature? Only stupidity. They are saving. Yes; when they are obliged to settle some household accounts. They are generous. Yes; toward girls, young inexperienced chits. They are judges of morals. Yes; toward their wives. They are full of devotion. Yes; toward house, nurse, and waiter girls. They are tender in their care. Yes; toward their horses and dogs. Married men can be classified as henpecked, sour and glummy, rakes, tyrants, every-day people, thirteen to a dozen, jack-anapes, simpletons, and Paul Pry's. Men are like scarecrows—found on forbidden grounds. They are like bees, they hum about and surround the most ravishing flowers, taste their sweets and fly away. Men are like swallows, mostly seek the dirtiest corners to build their nests in. They are like California gold—sought after in places where they are not found, and found where nobody would suspect them to be. They are like organs—their tenderest tones are nothing but wind. Like cigars—more smoke than fire. It would be easy to continue, but I desist, in the hope that I said enough to warn my inexperienced sisters. Beware of them, or rather imitate one who knows, and make them beware of you."

Now, I am sure you will all agree with me that this was a very wicked and silly woman who wrote

such an incongruous and ill-expressed article as that. It is very seldom indeed that a woman either speaks or hears that kind of language with propriety. I have sometimes been out shopping with my sisters and my wife's relations when they have been visiting at our house, and while I was all excited over the labels and the show-cards and the descriptions of goods, and ventured to say, once or twice, "Here's exactly what you want," they seemed to be quite unmoved by all the winged words of worth that stood out before them. They went and took up the edge between their fingers and judged for themselves whether it was "all wool," or whether it was "fast colors," or whether it was unshrinkable. Names had no particular charm for them. Some of them had been very glad to change the ones they once had, and the others were ready to do it at any time a good opportunity should offer.

Personally I am quite satisfied that women are not much carried off with extravagant terms, and elaborate phrases, and high-sounding names. With such exceptions as the one to whom I have made a slight reference, women will bear with more patience the simple story, and will believe it with a much readier credence.

I cannot recall a better illustration of this than what occurred a little while ago in one of our smaller

towns. A pompous menagerie of some sort was coming into the town, and the boys were earning a free entrance ticket by circulating the hand-bills on the street. A fine, honest-looking woman had just taken one in hand and carried it up the stairs into the sitting-room of the hotel, where a young man was sitting reading one of the very same. She didn't say a word until after she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill, and read a few of the headlines.

She was old-fashioned in look. There were strings in her bonnet ; her grey hair was combed smoothly, and there were only eleven yards of stuff in her alpaca dress.

"Young man, don't you know that circuses are awful liars and humbugs?" she finally inquired.

The young man at the table leaned back in his chair and refused to express any such opinion.

"Well, I know it," she continued in a positive tone, "and I believe that they get worser every day. Now, see here ; listen to this : 'A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of acrobatic talent.' That's all right on the poster, but hev' they got 'em ? I'd like to see one of them animals."

"You're laboring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and it informs the public that the proprietor has secured

many first-class acrobats—the chaps who stand on their heads, turn head-over-heels, and jump down from a high place and light upon their feet.”

“It does, eh?” she mused. “Well, do you believe it takes a very smart person to keel over, or to jump downwards?”

“Well, one has to have a good deal of training to do it well.”

“They do, eh?” she remarked, as she put her umbrella in the corner and rubbed her hands together. “I’ll show you that you are deceived. I’m an old woman, but if I can’t —.”

“Madam, hold on—don’t do it!” exclaimed the young man behind the table.

“I can jump right over this balcony, and clean to the ground, and never shake my bonnet,” she said as she rose up.

“I know you can, madam, but don’t. I’m here alone, and I don’t want to — ; I don’t want you to do it. I’d rather you wouldn’t. If you are determined upon it I shall leave the room.”

“Well, you know I can do it, and that’s enough. You may be right about what that means, but look here ; listen to this: ‘The highway’s ablaze with resplendent chariots—the grandest pageant on earth.’ I’ve been to lots of circuses, young man, and I never seen a pageant yet. If they had one the door of his cage wasn’t open.”



"You are in error again, madam. The bill refers to the fact that a great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street."

"Um-m-m," she muttered, as she folded the bill over, "I don't see why they couldn't have said so then. And now, see here; read that: 'Sig. Govinoff in his aerial flights.' Now then, if you know so much, is that a boa-constrictor or a cundurango?"

"It is a man, madam—one of the performers. His real name is probably Jones, but that isn't grand enough, and so they put him down as Sig. Govinoff. He is the man that jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and comes down all right."

"He is, eh? Well, if he's got the idea that he's the smartest man alive I would like to disappoint him. I never did try to turn over twice, but I'll do it here and now or break my neck. Get the things of'n this table."

"Stay, madam, don't, I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars."

"Just once," she declared.

"For goodness sake get down off this table; here, here's a dollar for you. Don't do it."

"I don't want your money; if you are so scairt I wont try it; only I don't want no circus going around talking about 'aryal flights' and deceiving the people."

She sat down, while the young man wiped the moisture off his brow. Presently she remarked :

"And here's another thing right here—'A sparkling asterisk flashing across the field of the cloth of gold—Mons. Gomerique in his great delineations of human character.' I'd like to know who she is."

"Madam, that's a man who delineates character. He makes up faces, expresses mirth, sorrow, joy, and so forth."

"Oh, that's what he does! Well, what's that to blow about? Makes up faces? See here!" And she shut her eyes, ran her tongue out, and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle which had been kicked by a mule.

"They are humbugs, sir!" she said, as she drew in her tongue, "and dy'e s'pose I'd pay fifty cents to go to one of them?"

"They are quite entertaining as a general thing," he said.

"They are, eh? Entertaining, you say? You like 'em, do you? Well, if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than a circus can do all day, . . . I'll leave my bonnet up here! Here, just hold on to this chair."

"Madam, I earnestly hope you're not going to perform any trick."

"I haint, eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair."

"I couldn't do it, madam. I wouldn't do it for all the diamond pins in Brooklyn. Go away, madam ; go home ; I'm in an awful hurry."

"Well, I won't do it, then. But when I say circuses are humbugs, I want you to know I can prove what I say. I don't care two cents for their big names, and their panopies, and pageants, and asterisks, and aryals, and giraffes, and gorgeouses, and Govinoffs, and cundurangos ; I can beat 'em all hollow myself." And she picked up her umbrella and went down stairs.

Well, now, it may be that you are beginning to feel that we have undertaken a very heavy task to follow the "Devil of Names" in his wide circuit of evil endeavor, and you would like to know when we shall begin to retrace our steps. Not half has yet been told, nor can be told now, though you gave another hour's attention as good as the past.

There is one sphere of our hero's work we must visit. It is his great battlefield, where he has kept the poor, well-meaning children of men fighting and killing each other for a thousand years over his game of words. Here have been fought all the bloody battles of that Church of the blessed Christ whose message was one of peace and whose benediction made the peacemakers the children of God. Is it not dreadful to look back and see the bones of

contention thrown to the polemicals dogs by this child of the deepest hell. Nothing but words! I call heaven and earth to witness this day that there has never been an hour's strife over the kind of spirit in which the work of Christ should be done; but the contentions, wars, imprisonments, deaths, have been all over the forms and shapes and words and names which have been given to the little bits of work we have undertaken.

Millions, you well know, have been put to death in the Christian history because they would not pronounce certain accents of verbal utterance. In the name of One who came to enlarge forms into spirit, and words into deed and truth, the awful imposture was committed. Fine prayer, religious devotion, honest thought, pure deed, holy motive, counted for nothing if the orthodox words were not pronounced. Elizabeth imprisoned for life all who conducted religious services without using her prayer-book. Any one who would not call the superintendent a bishop was branded with iron. Anabaptists and Arians were tortured and then hanged. Knox declared that a mass was more fearful to him than ten thousand armed enemies landed on the shore of the realm. He never supposed that beneath the service of the mass there might be a pious heart. Beauty of soul, purity of heart, were not a consideration. It was all a weighing

and valuing of names, and a crowding to the fagot of those whose words deviated a hair's-breadth from the original as pronounced by a bloated ruler or a licentious priest in charge, of course, of the "Devil of Names," Catholic names killed thousands of Protestants, and Protestant words killed thousands of Catholics. Words, words, words! Words about baptism, words about bread and wine, words about the Trinity, words about the intermediate state, and even words about the starry heavens and the moving earth, exposed the body to the stake and the soul to hell fire. Oh, how we could weep over our follies of the past! How we wish we could call back again the noble souls we have persecuted, and let them free to speak what their honest souls desired! How glad we are to have a broader faith and a sweeter hope! How we look to heaven for a reunion of all the poor deceived and deluded ones whose cruel sufferings and death are chargeable to our ignorance and unbelief! God save us from being deluded in our own day by the ever-varying and new-fashioned paraphernalia of the "Devil of Names." There is room for warning. I heard of a stormy evening not long ago where true and loving hearts were nearly strangled by an ungodly scuffle over the names of "Epworth League" and "Christian Endeavor." I tell you, the "Devil of Names" has been just a little hard up for material on which to wreck the lives of

our young and buoyant Christian workers of to-day. But he has laid his hand on these names and will shuffle them into a trick which will bankrupt our whole wide sweep of usefulness, as he did in times past with the Church, even when its zeal and loyalty ran at the highest pitch. Let us remember that devotion to a name may be born of the "Devil of Names." Let us remember without ceasing that there is no name given under heaven or among men whereby men can be saved but one. And when any other name is more to us than that one; when the names that divide are of more import than the name that can unite us all, we are in danger of that defeat which is constantly sought after by the archdeceiver whose record has been our study to-night. Suffer this word of honest caution from one who is carefully studying these things and is most deeply interested in them.

In bringing my address to a conclusion, let me remind you all that our blessed Lord looked down from the heaven of His triumph and beheld a people among whom there were many who had a name that they lived, but were actually dead. It is the "Devil of Names" who keeps up that kind of a registry book, where the names of the dead are counted as alive. The Lord's book of the living has no names but those who verily live.

And let me further remind you that there stands a

bright promise on the sacred book, that "to him that overcometh" the temptations of the enemy of which we have been speaking ; to him who has been persecuted and reviled and called all sorts of names on earth for the Son of Man's sake, to him shall be given a white stone and a new name written upon it. And when God calls any one by a name it is a true name. It means what it says. Has he not warranted us in believing this? Has he not proven his claim to our faith that His names abide eternal scrutiny and only brighten in their glory. A little child was born. The mother heard a voice, sweet as the angels, say : "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." It was easy for the mother to call His name Jesus. But has the promise been fulfilled? Ask the ages since, amid darkening sky, He gave up the ghost, and, amid the early streaks of the Easter dawn, He burst the tomb and sprang a victor to the earth, and thence to the throne where pardons are unceasingly dispensed. Ask the cloud of human witnesses testifying in every corner of the earth to-day, from the tremor of the first confession to the blast of the rapturous chorus which fills the sanctuaries with songs of salvation. Ask the multitude who have gathered somewhere "over there," whither we cannot see ; and by the favor of the gracious One the heaven opens and the great number are allowed to be seen by mortal eye, and their answer

comes with a shout louder than the many waters or the mighty thunders : " Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood ; to him be glory and dominion both now and forever more."

Cast out the false ; demand the true ! The mask is off—the game is seen ! Swear vengeance on the foe ! Say, " Get thee behind me, Satan." Cry, " Come to me, God of the truth, for thou only hast the words that eternally live."

" Truth is large : our aspiration  
Scarce embraces half we be.  
Shame to stand in God's creation  
And doubt Truth's sufficiency !  
To think God's song unexcelling  
The poor tales of our own telling.

" What is true, and just, and honest,  
What is lovely, what is pure,  
All of praise that hath admonished,  
All of virtue—shall endure,  
These are themes for poet's uses  
Stirring nobler than the muses.

" O brave poets, keep back nothing,  
Nor mix falsehood with the whole ;  
Look up Godward ; speak the truth in  
Worthy song from earnest soul ;  
Hold in high poetic duty  
Truest truth—the fairest beauty."



## The Ministry of the Rose.

I DO not know that I can better introduce my subject to you than to rehearse the manner in which it first attracted and secured my own attention.

A few years ago, while I was stationed in a quiet Canadian village, I had among my parishioners a young woman of very thoughtful mind and very generous heart. She was a student, and from a student became a teacher. As a good teacher, she became still more a student; for only the one who loves study can ever inspire others to study with a true and noble intent. Minnie was a member of my class, and was always brimful of interesting questions. She looked out far beyond the present knowledge and experience, and loved the "may be" fully as ardently as she did the "is."

One Sabbath afternoon in the early spring-time, when the birds sat on the budding limbs, singing love-songs for their newly-found mates, while the young people took the long way home from Sunday-school to enjoy the glad liberty from which winter's tyranny

had debarred them, strolling with innocent delight over the emerald carpet and beneath the sapphire ceiling of the rejuvenated earth; when the newly trimmed gardens blushed with the tulips and the hyacinths, and lilacs flung their refreshing fragrance to the passing breeze; it was on such an afternoon we walked together from the Sunday-school to the parsonage near by. Just before I entered the door I thought a moment, and then spoke. "It is my turn to ask you a question," I said. "You need not answer it now, but come over on Tuesday after school and take tea with us before class, and then tell me what you think of it." "And what is it?" she meekly interrogated. "Does God smell?" I inquired. "What?" she responded, and her eyes looked away into the unknown to see if she could call any answer thence. I repeated, "Does God smell? Is there anything to Him in this fragrance which pleases and inspires His children with its mingled sweetness of perfume to-day?" "I'll think about it," she said, and off she tripped to her home.

When Tuesday came and our conversation was renewed, she would have kept back her own thoughts, to coach for mine upon the subject, but I withheld. "Well, if I must speak," she said, "I think God smells; don't you think so? I think that what is pleasing to us must be so to Him. At first I smiled

inwardly at your question, thinking it almost coarse; but the more I pondered it the finer, the more interesting, the more fascinating it became." And then we freely talked over it; how that man can possess no pleasure that comes not from Him who fashioned us and fashioned all things for us; how that what we possess in little He possesses in abundance, and what we but slightly appreciate from want of attention and culture, He most richly enjoys; and how, in the abundant sweetness of the scented spring-time, there is an offering from the works of His hands which is a sacrifice of sweet-smelling savor ascending into the nostrils of a satisfied Creator, who again smiles upon His work, and says, "It is good."

Thus began my attention to the sphere of the nose. Like every subject it is full of increasing interest to the student. The usual pleasures, that had been but slightly estimated, became abundantly magnified under the new notice. And now my practical nature began to ask: Could I not make a more extended use of my nose? Is there not a wider usefulness, and a wider pleasure in the will of God concerning it? And then I thought, if I can use my nose more than I have, and to a larger advantage, cannot others also do even the same? And from this inquiry sprang forth another: If we could make better use of it, then should we not do so? Is there anywhere a duty left

undone? Is there a whole realm unsearched, which is rich with abundant blessing yet uninherited and untouched, for want of thought and care?

I pondered over the other divinely given media through which the outer world comes trooping into the conscious soul: the eye, with its whole world of form and color, light and shade, beautifully hued and tinged with divinity; the ear, with its songs and sounds, now loud, now soft, so sweetly tuned and strung with Godhead. And while thus musing I was struck with the fact that in each of these we recognise a duty of active use, dependent, I mean, upon volition and purpose. Indeed, we have a language to express what I mean. We not only see with our eyes, but we look. There is much that comes to us through looking that passive sight would never bring. We not only hear with our ears, but we listen. There is much that comes to us through listening that passive hearing would never bring. Has there not been some strange neglect of this other organ, and its corresponding world of inspired or inbreathed delight? Who shall dare to say, if the sensations of sight, and the sensations of hearing, and the sensations of smell all reach the brain at about the same point, and are conveyed by nerves that are affected by waves of light or sound or smell, that if the phenomena of perfume and fragrance were only

investigated as have been those of light and sound, there is not as abundant variety and as abundant beauty and as abundant utility in the one as in either of the others?

To a certain class of minds it would seem necessary that, for a proper understanding of this subject, we should study with minuteness the anatomy and physiology of the organ of which we speak. That would be, however, of only comparative interest, and for our purpose to-night is not a necessity. Without any study of optics, there have arisen painters and sculptors with exquisite appreciation of form and color. Without any study of acoustics, there have arisen musicians whose range of acquaintance with the world of sounds has led them to arrange and vary them to the sublime delight of the world's thousands, who lay all other things aside to listen to the oratorio rendered with the human larynx, accompanied with vibrating strings and sonorous pipes.

Having assumed somewhat of the role of a champion of the nose's rights, I find myself reproving the whole past and the major present for its great neglect of this important subject. Positively, it is hard to get a person to take any serious interest in it. Its mention only provokes a smile, and no one supposes that any other than a humorous paper could be written concerning it. And there is reason for this,

so far as the present at least is concerned. There is no literature to read upon it, no science to study relating to it, no art that gives any attention to it, except that of the painter and sculptor, and these only just because it cannot be despised in the getting up of a characteristic human face. I think I may say that the painters are somewhat free from the charge of neglect concerning the claims of the nose. But the poets rarely mention it except to make fun of it when it is too long, or too short, or turned up at the end, or hooked like a hawk's bill, or twisted like a corkscrew. And, indeed, if they should feel inclined to sing the fair proportions of a lovely Grecian or a noble Roman, they hardly know how to do it, for the very word "nose," in the etiquette of true poesy, is a vulgar term. And even the dictionary, with so many words to spare, has no synonym to take its place. The only synonymous terms are "snout," "smeller," "proboscis," and these are still more ungraceful and indecorous than the plainer speech. How the poets praise the lips in their "rubiness," and the teeth in their "ivoriness"! How they go into raptures over the dimpled chin; and the dimple is only a little useless hole after all! With what perfect lavishness is the eye trimmed up with adjectives to signify its varied expression; and how the ear, and the cheek, and even the forehead, are flattered with a recklessness

that should make them all blush crimson! I have made up my mind to part company with the narrow-minded and bigoted poets unless they turn more of their attention upon the grace, and beauty, and proportions of the nose.

There is a class of people that, under the most of circumstances, I have learned to despise, but who are beginning to find almost a warm place in my heart because of their constant success in bringing the nose into greater prominence. I refer now to the liquor-seller. He has done, and is doing, more, I think, to-day than anyone else to call attention to the nose. And his cultivation of the organ is very successful to that end. Under his treatment it waxes greater and greater each passing day, and it blooms and blossoms and bears numerous other noses, which, though small and as noses of little or no use, are "not to be sneezed at."

I am not quite sure whether many people have ever given any serious inquiry as to what the nose is really for. Certain it is they vary much in the uses to which they put it. In Lapland the people greet one another by rubbing their noses together just as the friendly horses do. In our country this habit is not reached until an ordinary acquaintance has grown to something more than friendly. For a number of years it was evidently believed that the principal

intent of the nose was sneezing, and an article entitled snuff was invented for cultivating the habit of sneezing well. There was always a peculiar fondness among men for a good sneeze, and many superstitions have arisen over this spasmodic music of the nose. Plutarch, in his "Life of Themistocles," tells of this fact: "that if before armies did fighte a man should sneeze to the righte of him, the armie of that man should gain the victory; but that a sneeze to the left of him shoulde bring defeat to that armie."

"The Rabbins," says an old philosopher, "relate how that before the time of Jacob men did sneeze only once, and that then they did die forthwith. They saye also that the aforementioned Jacob did first of all men on the earth die by disease, that all the other people before Jacob did at one sneeze give up the ghoste."

So much for the import of a sneeze. There is another common use to which the nose is appropriated, but how far it was intended for that purpose I am not prepared to say. I have not been able to rightly place in the scale of morality the habit of "snoring." I do not find anything definite against it in the Bible, and yet I have never thought it a habit to be cultivated. It is one of those many troublesome features that people so coolly declare they cannot help. I can with all good conscience declare that



whenever I snore I mean no harm by it ; but I do feel that when the snoring is done by the other party it is simply unbearable—disgusting, that's all. In our endeavors, therefore, to seek out the great intent of this prominent gift, we can hardly conclude that it was divinely intended for snoring.

Many of you will remember that a great contest once took place to decide certain disputed claims between the nose and the eyes. It was the spectacles that caused the contention. No less a poet than the great Cowper has given this historic debate a place in literature. Of course you have read this description :

“ Between Nose and the Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

“ So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

“ ‘ In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
And your Lordship,’ he said, ‘ will undoubtedly find  
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,  
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.’

“ Then, holding the spectacles up to the Court—  
‘ Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle

As wide as the bridge of the nose is ; in short,  
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

“ ‘Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose  
(Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)  
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
Pray, who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

“ ‘On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,  
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,  
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

“ Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,  
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;  
But what were his arguments few people know,  
For the Court did not think they were equally wise.

“ So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,  
Decisive and clear, without one ‘if’ or ‘but,’  
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut.”

I have quoted this because it is due to the author as the only one who has given the nose a place in poesy.

It would be hardly fair, perhaps, to pass by a certain branch of so-called science which has given considerable attention to the human nose. I refer now to what is termed physiognomy. Certain it is that they, who look with such extended study upon the

changeable face of mankind or beast, have been compelled to mark the prominence of this organ as a feature of demonstrative character. Not that in this branch of study we expect to find the secret of the Divine intent thereof, for the eye and the ear and the mouth are alike significant of character, while their measure of evident utility is large, beyond the sphere of physiognomy. And, indeed, even the chin is looked upon as a large factor in the delineation of character, while it would scarcely be termed an organ at all, except by those whose only idea of music is "chin music." And yet there are some very valuable suggestions that come to us from the researches of physiognomists. They admit that the nose is primarily the organ of smell, and they aver also that on its perfection depends the perfection of the sense it subserves. The finer, the more delicately organized, and the more elegantly formed the nose, the more exquisite will be its appreciation of odors. They also claim for the nose a large advantage in cultivation. And then they scientifically teach that, secondarily, the nose is a part of the breathing apparatus; that the breath is properly inhaled through the nostrils. They teach us that the size of the nostrils corresponds with that of the lungs, and is a good indication of the development of the chest. And beside this, they do not forget to teach that the nose

is concerned in the voice, its prominence and the consequent enlargement of its cavities helping to give volume and manliness to the vocal utterance ; and that it is because of these cavities, together with others in the central part of the face, reaching their normal development about a certain age, that the voice of boys then changes as we regularly notice.

The nose is looked upon by these students as an almost unmistakable sign of development in the individual, and consequently even in the national character. The "baby nose" is very characterless. It is only the "diminutive pug," the nose of weakness and undevelopment, and it properly retains that peculiar inward curve, they tell us, till the age of puberty, when the interior force of the new life, which at that time expands the whole physical system, pushes the nasal bone outward and downward, and the organ assumes its more permanent form in accordance with the mental status of the individual or the race to which he belongs. "Noses which fail properly to assert themselves, on their entrance into a man's or a woman's estate, afford examples of arrested development, which we are sorry to say are as common as ignorance and sin, even in our most cultivated communities."—(Wells). The more cultivated, however, and the more refined the race, the finer the nose. Let any one be sufficiently attentive to compare in

this particular the Ethiopian and the Mongolian with the Caucasian. It will be seen that the noses of the first two, though differing widely from each other in some particulars, agree in being both compressed and shortened, in comparison with the last ; approaching in this respect the snouts of the lower animals, which seldom project beyond the jaws. In the Caucasian, the nose averages in length one-third of the face ; in the Mongolian about one-fourth, in the Ethiopian somewhat less.

Physiognomists have classified noses under five special heads : The Roman, the Grecian, the Jewish, the Snub, and the Celestial.

The Roman nose is large and bold and prominent, especially about the ridge bone. And this they say is the energetic, the decided, the aggressive—the nose of the conqueror. Plato speaks of it as the “Royal nose.” The ancient artists, when painting the gods, gave this nose to Jupiter and Hercules and other energetic deities. It loves power, dominion, seeks personal aggrandisement, and pushes onward toward its object with terrible energy, a stern determination, and an utter disregard of the little courtesies of life. Julius Caesar had one ; so also the Duke of Wellington, Lucretius, Charlemagne, Columbus, Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Chatham, and a great many others that we know for their undaunted push and unwearied purpose.

The Greek nose was always held as the indication of refinement. The artists of the early day gave this particular feature to Juno, Venus, Apollo, and deities of such like finer character. The owner of the Greek nose is said to be "not without some energy in the pursuit of that which is agreeable to his tastes ; but, unlike the owner of the Roman nose, he cannot exert himself in opposition to his tastes." If you look over your historic album you will be quick to find this nose grace the features of Milton, Spenser, Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Titian, Addison, Byron, Shelley, Hannah More, Madame de Stael, Dante's Beatrice, and many others of simple character. George Washington, Napoleon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Wolsey, had noses compounded of the Roman and the Greek, but approaching more nearly to the former.

The Jewish nose is so-called, I suppose, because it is almost universal among the Israelites. It is, however, not peculiar to them. It is fully as common among the Syrian races everywhere. It is called the Commercial nose. It has a convex prominence with considerable of hook at the extremity. The Arabs are usually found with this form of a preface. This particular shape of nose is said "to indicate worldly shrewdness, insight into character, and an ability to turn that insight into profitable account."

The Snub nose, I have already remarked, is the symbol of undevelopment, and for this very reason is not a very historic nose. Such a flattened and shortened proboscis cannot, in the nature of things, have made any very legible mark on the records of the world's progress. Its wearers have never conquered realms and enslaved nations, like the owners of the royal Roman nose; or built magnificent temples and adorned them with works of high art, like the Greek-nosed children of genius. Somehow or other it seems to be an innate conception that the snub nose is not the kind that Adam or Eve possessed in the garden, but that a degenerate race has put out to public view its own sign.

The Celestial nose is larger than the snub, somewhat longer, and with an upward turn, and is called the inquisitive nose. It is the very opposite of the Jewish nose, being concave where it is convex. Observers say that these noses predominate among the fair sex, and are not without their admirers.

Now, of course, there are a great many subdivisions of this subject: The students of physiognomy can tell you the cogitative nose, and the apprehensive nose, and the melancholy nose, and the combative nose, and the irritable, and how many more no one knows.

I have called your attention somewhat largely to

this feature of my subject because, as I have said, it is the one most studied, and upon which almost all the writing has been done. And while there is quite a little interest aroused by the observations of its inquirers, I still feel that it is a great pity that the time and the thought and observation had not gone out upon the larger sphere of so prominent a Divine gift.

I have now come to the threshold of the special ideas with which I hope to interest you to-night. The question with which we opened our address, "Does God smell?" leads us to ask, What is the special and peculiar service which the nose was designed to render to man as a moral and spiritual being, in a world where all his surroundings have some fulfilment in that which is not temporary but eternal?

Whenever one turns his serious attention to such an inquiry he is led to ask, What attention has the Divine being paid to the object of our thought and study? And when, in the first place, we turn our attention to the sacred page, we cannot be other than impressed with the fact that the first organ of all the valuable and variable number which is mentioned is that one of our attention to-night: "And the Lord formed man, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life" (or lives), "and man became a living soul."



There is not the slightest doubt cast upon the plural rendering of the term here called "life." And God breathed these "lives" into his child—new formed from the elements among which he was to live—and breathed them into his nose. We might well bow in reverence toward that organ which reached itself out, before the hand, to greet its adorable Maker, and receive the dignity and honor of His image to transfer it to all the other members of this wonderful organism. There are many thinkers and writers who pore over that plural term and ask what are all these "lives" that God did convey to the human nature through the nostrils on that morning of man's beginning to be. The answer which has given good satisfaction, and upon which they generally agree, is, that the physical, the mental, and the spiritual are understood. I have no fault to find with that answer. I accept it, because I find all these so-called "lives" in the human unfolding, and I can conceive of no other inspiration necessary than what was given at that important hour.

But I want to confine myself somewhat to the first one of these three, and see if in that early inbreathing of the Divine there was not a breath of lives physical. Did God use the nostril only as a temporary medium through which to convey his gifts for that moment, or did he, as in other respects, begin to do through

the nostrils what he should always continue to do so long as man should inhabit the earthly formation? As far as God's breathing into man's nostrils the first breath of needed air for his physical life is concerned, it was but the beginning of what he has carried on ever since. God is always breathing into man's nostrils this breath of life, or the breath of this life. But this is not peculiar to man; the breath of the beast, also, is supplied through the nostril. And yet there is no special mention of that in the formation of the beasts. And so we may quite reasonably conclude that when God gave man his introduction to his world, having first formed him out of all its elements, and concluded to make him in the Divine image and after the Divine likeness, to have dominion over all flesh, and over all herb, and plant and tree, He brought the great outer world in upon the soul through the senses, in a manner or in a measure unknown to any lesser being. The same landscape of light and shade and beauteous hue may have been flashed upon his eye, as was now imaged upon the disc of the beast at his feet; but man saw what beast or bird saw never, and never will see. The same wave sounds which fell upon the ear of the animal company fell upon his auricular drum, but man only heard as God the Maker heard. He alone heard the full complement of the "music of the

spheres." Doubtless the flowers and trees exhaled upon the air the same gaseous odors for the beast as for the man, but the beast knew not the rich perfume or sniffed with oft-repeated delight the unending variety of fragrance. The animal might eat of the infinite variety of herb and fruit and grass, mingling all alike together as one common form of food, but man could sit and relish the vast variety of taste, and single all apart and name them each as possessing its distinguished loveliness of flavor. Here was the vast range of difference. You say in response that this great difference was a difference of the soul within. It was. But to such a larger soul, then, I say, such organs were made able to minister and would be worthy the service to which they were appointed. The short time at my disposal just now prevents me enlarging upon this point; but it is not one of much debate. Who does not admit that the eye was given to minister to the soul, and to transform every beautiful shape and charming color and enchanting combination of the natural into that for which all the natural is, namely, the spiritual? Who does not admit that the ear was given to minister to the soul, and to receive every harmony of concurrent sounds as an idea to be brought into chord with the music of peace, joy, long-suffering, goodness, etc.—the notes of the soul's musical scale? And who should not

admit that the nose was given to be a like avenue from the without to the within, from the sweet-scented and elaborately perfumed creation to the soul, which has been so largely enriched through the contributions from other organs of sense? Let us be exhorted to a larger fidelity of attention in this sphere.

There are a few observations which I have gathered which I am sure will help to enthuse you upon this matter. In the first place, it is very evident that the Heavenly Father designed a great service to the soul through the nose, from the fact that, scientifically speaking, there seems to be no necessary purpose for all these odors. As far as any investigation goes, the plants could have performed all their regular functions and have been entirely scentless. Science admits that, to all appearances of its investigation, the perfume was for some purpose outside of itself. The fact that it attracts insects to scatter the pollen, and therefore assists the propagation of certain floral plants, does not explain at all its presence under conditions where no such purpose is evident. Pleasing and attractive as it is to a few insects, it finds its larger appreciation in the sense God gave to His perfect creatures.

Moreover, it is still further evidenced that this is the Father's peculiar gift for His human children in the

fact that before the human period this earth was destitute of fragrance. The geologists tell us that all the long eras of the earth's history previous to the Upper Miocene were without perfume. Ferns and mosses, cycads and palms, which filled the earlier forests, produced no flowers, and exhaled no fragrance to the passing breeze. God planted a garden a little while before the children came, and had the plants in bloom for man's eye to see, and the little trumpeters blowing out fragrance from their little bells and horns for man's nose to smell, while birds sat singing welcomes from the bending branches of surrounding trees for the ear of man to hear. This was the loving Father's welcome to His children when He introduced them to their beautiful earthly home.

And we find, also, that man had an early appreciation of this faculty of smell, and the provision for its use to such extended profit. This may have been largely accounted for in the important fact that in all God's dealings with man He did not neglect to appeal to its presence and power. When He spake to them of Himself He spake not only of the use of His own sight and hearing, but of His own sense of smell. As early as in the days of Noah we read that in the offerings of the first sacrifice after the flood, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor." In all the anthropomorphic language which is employed concerning

God, this form of speech is exercised as much over the nose as over any other organ. When the idols of the heathen were compared or contrasted with the God of Israel, it was not only written, "they have eyes, but see not ; ears have they, but they hear not"; but it is added, "noses have they, but they smell not." And on this point it may be repeated that whenever any of the early artists sought to represent divinities or deities, they paid *their* most special attention to the form of the nose. A weak-shaped nose would spoil a god, and leave the picture with a human look.

But to return to biblical records. The language of God Himself, through the prophets, is very emphatic, where, in the vain oblations and formal sacrifices of their disobedient days, He is made to say, "I will not smell in all your solemn assemblies."

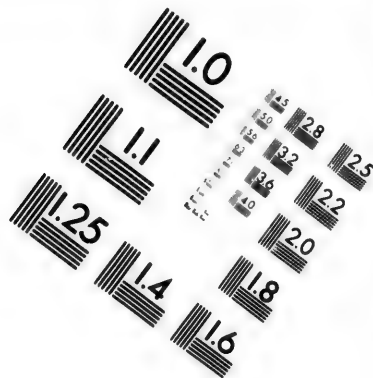
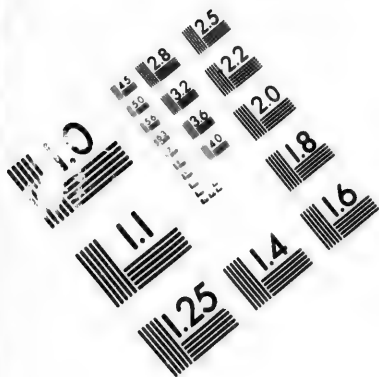
And this brings us to the fact that, in all forms of worship ever ordained by the Lord God for the use of man's approach to Him, there was as distinct and important provision made for the use of the nose as for any other organ. In the first tabernacle there was an appeal through the eye in the rich vestments, and in the purple and blue and scarlet and gold of the furnishings ; there was appeal to the ear in the solemn sound of the trumpet and the voice of praise and prayer ; there was appeal to the nose in the clouds of fragrant smoke that ascended constantly from the altar of incense and filled the whole place.

Now, in real fact, the sense of smell occupied the most prominent place, for, as we have already shown, the acceptance of the worship was always indicated by a symbol borrowed from this sense, "The Lord smelled a sweet savor." There was no part of the service more emphasized than that of the offering of incense. And when the order was given for the construction of the altar of incense it was declared: "Thou shalt put it before the vail that is by the ark of the testimony, where I will meet thee." It seems from this that though Aaron and his successors could go into the Holy of Holies only once a year, God gave to Moses the privilege of coming there as often as there was occasion to consult the Divine Majesty. And there was a very special statute in relation to the fragrant compound: "Take unto thee sweet spices, stacte, and onycha, and galbanum; these sweet spices with pure frankincense: of each shall there be a like weight: And thou shalt make it a perfume, a confection after the art of the apothecary, tempered together, pure and holy." (Ex. xxx. 34, 35.) "And as for the perfume which thou shalt make, ye shall not make to yourselves according to the composition thereof: it shall be unto thee holy for the Lord. Whosoever shall make like unto that, to smell thereto, shall even be cut off from his people." (Ex. xxx. 37, 38.) This final command indicates that the fragrance

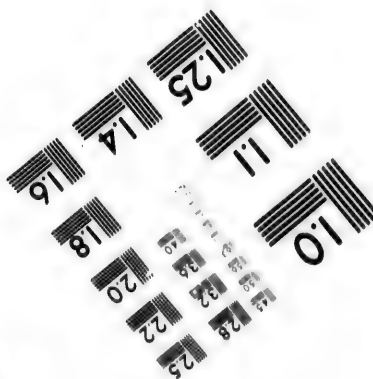
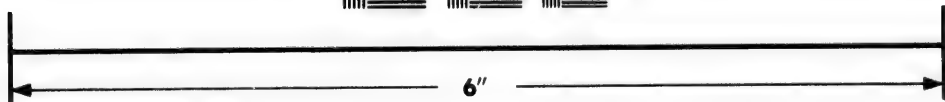
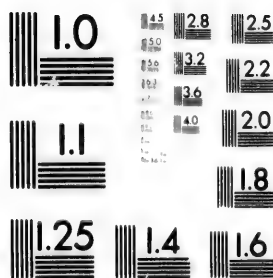
was such as would be a temptation to copy, and that the special work of the apothecary of the temple was to make the most influential appeal possible through the nostrils of the people.

I have no hesitation in accepting a common theory about the use of incense, that it was prepared and used to counteract the noxious effluvia caused by the slaughtered sacrifices in the near vicinity ; but that this was the chief or highest purpose cannot at all be sustained. Its chief import was that it was the symbol of prayer. The peculiar unseen, unheard character of a floating loveliness was very forcible in its mystical effect upon the thought and spirit of the worshipper. It was offered specially at the time when the people were in the posture and the act of prayer and devotion, and their prayers were supposed and believed to be presented to God by the priest, and to ascend to Him in the smoke, and beyond the smoke, in the finer odor of that fragrant offering. Remember how when Aaron prayed for the sins of the murmurers, it is recorded that he "took a censer and put fire therein and put on incense, and, standing between the living and the dead, swinging his censer, he made atonement for the people, and the plague was stayed." And passing on to the days of prophecy, when Malachi predicts the day of universal worship, he sums up all worship as incense, and says : "And





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in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering, for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And now, we must remember that this symbolism was God-chosen and God-inspired. It cannot, therefore, be despised. Depend upon it, there must be in truth a likeness, a similarity, which God sees. Is perfume the real breath of the flowers? Do they inhale from their Creator's provision for them the simple air, and return it filled with the very essence of their kind? Is fragrance in nature what praise and prayer are in the human moral world? Prayer is the breath of life, the expression of the soul's best, holiest, heavenliest aspirations; the symptom and token of its right and happy relations to God. And the natural counterparts of the prayers that rise from closet and from sanctuary are found in the delicious breathings, sweetening all the air, from gardens of flowers and crofts of clover, and the thymy hillsides, which thus speak their thanksgiving for the early dew, the later sunshine and the refreshing breeze, to their own acknowledged Creator, who Himself enjoys the work of His own hands.

And so, the real value of the symbolism lies in the measure of real truth the symbol possesses. Fragrance is sweet; it does speak of a beautiful world without, in a manner unknown to the soul through any other sense.

In some ages and lands, and among some peoples, thank God, it has retained some measure of appreciation. For my part, I am very glad that when the blessed Saviour came to earth, while heaven heralded His approach with music, earth greeted Him with its frankincense and myrrh.

In the life of our Saviour, if it had been written for our day and time, its record would have shown our estimate of values, and they would have been different from those of that time. We should all have fully appreciated the story, if it had been written, that when the beloved Lord was footsore and worn, tired and sad, and had entered into the house of Simon, there came a young lady with a beautiful and costly harp, and she sat down and discoursed to Him the loveliest of music, and soothed His sorrowing spirit, and the house was filled with symphonies and harmonies sublime. We would fully appreciate such a record. But it was not so. It is written, however, that "there came a woman with an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very delicious, and she broke the box and poured it upon Him, and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment." Depend upon it, it was nice. Depend upon it, He enjoyed it. Depend upon it, there is something in it we fail to appreciate because of our lack of culture upon that particular avenue of truth. But we are not dead ;

we have been asleep, but are awakening. We may not vigorously have toiled to discover much in this region, but we have strayed from our ordinary paths at times and have stumbled against some new facts and truths to arouse our interest in the unknown. It is becoming an almost accepted theory now, that there is a scale of odors as there is of sounds, and, just as in music there are different notes that blend naturally and harmoniously with one another, so there are in fragrance different odors that unite and produce different degrees of the same effect. Perfumery is becoming an art far out-reaching the most sanguine thought of the modern apothecary. Perfumes are found to be in the same key, as it were, forming chords and octaves of fragrance which produce very charming effects upon the organs of smell. These facts are discovered in the art of mixing perfumes for the market, and the skill of the perfumer is taxed or displayed in finding and making these harmonious combinations of different congenial odors, so that no discordant scent shall leave a faint and sickly impression when the general perfume shall have died away.

The day may not be very far distant when students of the law of smell, aided by the lovers of the arts of perfume, shall take the same platform now occupied by our singers and our orchestras; and that the

multitude, having been cultured thereunto, shall gather to be entertained and inspired through their noses, instead of, as now, through their ears.

Now, the fact that this provokes a smile indicates how little attention is given to the phenomena of fragrance and its power to minister to the conscious soul. A little study of the history of amusements will show us that our present form of entertainment did not always obtain. The eye for many years served all such purposes. The form of pastime which brought the first audiences together was ministered entirely by pantomime. The eye alone was the medium through which the enjoyment came. The deaf could enjoy, and the dumb could contribute as well as any other to the earlier play. Then, when it was discovered that sounds had regular grades, and the study of intervals led up to the science of music, the public began to lend their ears to an entertainment in which the eye had no special part. You can easily imagine how simple must have been the first harmonies, and how rude the performance of the first instrumental quartette. And we are not supposing or prophesying anything more wonderful or surprising than the early concert of sounds, when we say that the day is not far distant when the concert shall be one of harmonies of fragrance, and the human medium of enjoyment will be the long neglected nose.

But our subject is more practical than æsthetical. Perfumes are perhaps the most extensive forms of remedial agents for the diseases of mankind. This has not been so acknowledged ; for during the centuries past the medicine has most largely been given through the mouth instead of the nose. It is through the nose the most of diseases are contracted ; and the world is beginning to learn that it is through the same channel the antidote must come. The theory of inhalation, which is becoming more popular each day, is an illustration of the truth we assert.

It is not for me, I know, to speak dogmatically upon matters of which I have no very wide technical knowledge. I am, however, in a position to say that the past ten years, and especially the past five years, have witnessed almost a revolution in medical treatment of disease through the nose. The study of "Nasal Reflexes" has led to information, and to conclusions simply marvellous to the students. Forms of disease which had baffled every other mode of treatment have been mastered through the nostril. Among the curiosities that we should want to show our past generations—should they come from their tombs to visit their former abode—we would place not only the telephone and the phonograph, but we would point to our doctors prescribing for dyspepsia,

neuralgia, headache, tic-douloureux, palpitation, loss of voice, epilepsy, laryngitis, asthma, bronchitis, hay fever, puberal disturbances, and many other forms of disease, through immediate application to the nose.

The perfumes of gardens are the best offset to malaria in marshy districts; beautiful odors are refreshing to the healthy as well as to the sick. When the Dutch cut down the spice trees of Ternate, the island was visited with epidemics never before known. During the great cholera visitations in France there is no record of one of the persons employed in the perfume factories being touched by it. So that you see I am not speaking upon a subject that does not involve a large duty, a large joy, and a large responsibility.

It was my purpose to speak of the nose as a weapon of defence. There is no monitor equal to it against disease and death. If you or I at night walked along an unknown or a well-known road, and came with any suddenness into a malodorous air, we would halt; we would refuse to proceed; we would know that some evil lay beyond. No sight or sound would speak to us more positively than this. On the other hand, what a welcome would come to us, and what a stimulus to our footsteps, should the gentle breeze sweep over us a mellifluous fragrance. By a law of



our nature which, though strangely neglected, refuses to be silenced, the soul within seeks help through this sense as much as through any other ; and God has not failed to place before us phenomena which, if properly investigated, would teach us much more about all this world which belongs to the nose. And out of all these new truths of nature would come to us corresponding truths of grace. Nobody seems to have learned yet why odors of plants are so full of variety in flavor and in locality and time of exhalation. Sometimes the fragrance is in the flower, as the rose and lily and violet ; sometimes it is in the wood, as in the sandal and cedar ; sometimes it is only in the bark, as cinnamon and cassia ; sometimes it is in the root, as the iris ; sometimes in the fruit, as the bergamot ; sometimes in the seed, as the anise and the carraway ; and sometimes in the leaf, as myrtle, thyme and mint. Some plants lose their odor at death ; but some, like the rose, retain it long after. It is said that a single leaf of melilot or of verbena will keep and manifest its odor for a century. Some have no scent at all till they wither, like the woodruff. Some evolve their fragrance only when the sun shines ; others give theirs out to the stars and the dew ; and some give theirs out only when they are crushed, which tender fact gave the poet the thought which he wrote :

“ But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.”

There are thoughts from God for His children in all these things, and we shall never know His full will till we search for it as for hidden treasures. “ It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, and the honor of kings to search out a matter.”

It is worth while to know that sweet perfumes, like sweet sounds, have a very salutary effect on the temper. At the time that Martin Luther held his great controversy with Eck, the formidable champion of the Roman hierarchy and its iniquitous claims, Luther held in his hands a bunch of flowers, at which he kept smelling all the while that his adversary was launching his fiercest calumnies against him. He gathered his calmness, confidence, patience, meekness, or what else you may choose to call it, from the provision made there for him by a Creator whose own words to us while in the flesh taught us to find fellowship with these things.

There is a peculiar impressiveness to me in a fact recorded about the late French Emperor, the Third Napoleon. It is said of him that he was a passionate lover of the violet. Bouquets of violets were always in his private chambers, and wreaths of it decked his

bier and his tomb. Somehow we would fancy that a man so full of ambition, whose whole public life was one of much pomp and display, would have selected some prouder and gaudier flower. I wonder, was it the sense of contrast that led him to set his affections on this lowly plant, such sense as led him to turn his eye, wearied with the glare and the loud asserting grandeur of life, on this meek dweller in the shade, creeping over the mossy ground, and hiding its modest purple head among its own green leaves. Its sweet, sincere perfume, coming from its hidden sources, and poured heedlessly upon the air, may have seemed to him especially grateful, wearied as he must have been with the artificial smiles and the hollow flatteries that greet the occupant of a throne. Or, I wonder, was it because there was something of the violet nature in the man's own character—because something in the heart of the great man corresponded to something in the nature of the lowly flower? Did he find sympathy in this little lovable floral creature of God for a part of his being which found no kinship anywhere else? Did this humble priest of nature enter into and perfume with its censers of worship some inner sanctuary of his soul, into which the strife of men's tongues did not intrude, and which was sacred from the feet of courtier and flatterer. Oh, it may have been so. It is not always

the true life that is seen on the outside. There are often unexpected weaknesses in the strongest, green spots of inexpressible tenderness in the rugged granite nature of the sternest, and those whose whole outward life is spent in strife and controversy may love in their own souls above all things the blessedness of peace and the lowliness of content. Probably more of the real man is told us by Napoleon's unexpected love of this little flower than we learn from all the grand successes and mournful reverses of his wonderfully chequered life. And thus, what is truest and deepest remains, while the vain show in which he lived has perished. The violets he loved shed their fragrance upon his tomb, while the objects of ambition for which he struggled passed away from him.

Oh, how I hope to have unfolded more largely these themes of love and wonder from God! The world is sweeter than we ever dreamed, and richer with lessons of eternal beauty than we have yet conceived. Let us worship God with a wider range of appreciation.

The apocalyptic seer, in the outlook for the world's worshippers, saw before him in one scene the throne of God, and round about the throne four and twenty elders clothed in white, holding in one hand harps, and in the other golden vials full of odors. Music! eh? Harps! eh? Oh, yes, we have all loved

music and studied it, and been blessed by it, and can readily understand how heaven could be enriched by its contributions, and we anticipate with delight the music of the skies. But in the other hand vials! odors! Yes, but we had nearly all forgotten about them; we never sing about the vials and the odors as we do about the harps and the songs. Shall we hear in heaven? Will ears be of any service? Shall we see in heaven? Will there be any delights for the eye on which to gaze? And shall we not smell? Vials! vials! Odors! odors! One poet sings, "O for a thousand tongues." Another sings, "Lend, lend your wings." We cry, "Oh, for a long, long nose to sniff the wafting fragrance of the land of unfailing flowers and of undying perfume!"

"Have you read in the Talmud of Old,  
In the Legends the Rabbins have told  
Of the limitless realms of the air,  
Have you read it,—the marvellous story  
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,  
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?"

"How, erect, at the outermost gates  
Of the City Celestial he waits,  
With his feet on the ladder of light,  
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,  
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered  
Alone in the desert at night?"

“ The Angels of Wind and of Fire  
Chant only one hymn, and expire  
With the song's irresistible stress ;  
Expire in their rapture and wonder,  
As harp-strings are broken asunder  
By music they throb to express.

“ But serene in the rapturous throng,  
Unmoved by the rush of the song,  
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,  
Among the dead angels, the deathless  
Sandalphon stands listening breathless  
To sounds that ascend from below ;—

“ From the spirits on earth that adore,  
From the souls that entreat and implore  
In the fervor and passion of prayer ;  
From the hearts that are broken with losses,  
And weary with dragging the crosses  
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

“ And he gathers the prayers as he stands,  
And they change into flowers in his hands,  
Into garlands of purple and red ;  
And beneath the great arch of the portal,  
Through the streets of the City Immortal,  
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

“ It is but a legend, I know,—  
A fable, a phantom, a show,  
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet that old mediæval tradition,  
The beautiful, strange superstition,  
But haunts me and holds me the more.

“ When I look from my window at night,  
And the welkin above is all white,  
All throbbing and panting with stars,  
Among them majestic is standing  
Sandalphon the Angel, expanding  
His pinions in nebulous bars.

“ And the legend, I feel, is a part  
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,  
The frenzy and fire of the brain,  
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,  
The golden pomegranates of Eden,  
To quiet its fever and pain.”

—*Longfellow.*

## One Another.

**I**T has been well said by one of our poets, that "the proper study of mankind is man." Whether that utterance in itself deserves much of the credit I cannot say, but I am certain that man is the chief study of this age. Some eras have been most noted for their study of theology, seeking a knowledge of God, His nature, His attributes, and His relation to other beings; but our age is noted for its study of anthropology, seeking a knowledge of man, his nature, his attributes, and his relation to other beings—above him or below. The fact that man is "born of a spirit" makes it difficult to tell "whence he cometh and whither he goeth." Hence, he is a problem over which many thoughts of many minds have long conflicted, and still continue to struggle, in search after the final truth.

Whatever differences there may exist as to the "whence" and the "whither," the origin and destiny of man, there can be but two opinions as to his existence: The one that he is, the other that he is



not. But, so few and so foolish are the disciples of idealism, which teaches us that it is no evidence of a thing's existence that we see it, or hear it, or taste it, or smell it, or feel it, that we shall dismiss as of no utility such a visionary basis of thought, and accept what the great world generally receives, that "seeing is believing." With a settled conviction that man exists, his origin has been a most interesting study. As a result of this long research, some thinkers and toilers among all the things that move have come forth to declare that the "whither," or destiny, of man may be a great one ; but the "whence," or origin, was nothing to boast much about. They have satisfactorily ascertained that man found his earliest history in an atom of self-exaggerating matter, a million years back, and has taken his circuitous route through all the grades of insect and of animal life till he reached his present position ; and if he still continues to self-exaggerate for another million years, which he doubtless will, he will be no longer a man, but a god, looking back on man, yet a million years behind, exaggerating his way along as fast as he can. But against this wonderful theory of transmutings and evolution we have as wonderful a fact, viz., that in the thousands of years of history we see none of this exaggerating ; we find no animal showing the least sign of power of passing over into moral conscious-

ness, and into that individuality which so wonderfully distinguishes man. There has been much of search and inquiry, and still the fact remains that nowhere do we see the highest order of brutes doing anything toward forming a language, or of reaching that mental consciousness of "me," and "not me," and "more than me," which joins man to God. There is nowhere to be found the slightest effort on the part of the horse, or the mule, or the ass, or the ape, to build a school-house, or erect a tavern, or to construct a market-house, or to start a country newspaper ; and if the long period of history over which we have a distinct gaze gives us no progress whatever in that line, and that, too, with the association of man as a help and example, we may well ask, What could have been done in the pre-historic periods ? And so it has seemed to the mass of human thinkers a more truthful form of thought that, according to the record of the Bible, man, as he is, came forth from a first pair, issuing directly from the hand of their Creator, and placed upon this world with everything adapted to their wants and necessities, with the necessary advice as to how to use all these things to the good. And yet no thoughtful minds would sweep away the great scientific facts of an existing evolution. Though the theory fails signally in its ambitious design to be the all in all, we would not

regard it as useless, or the labors of its highest votaries as wasted. If it helps us to see more clearly the world man lives in, and his relation to it, it is a boon—a boon of truth. If it shows us how all previous ages were busy preparing for his coming, as a king to live and rule over all the lower orders of being; how the Almighty was sweeping and garnishing the earth for man's reception; how the long weary movements by which, through Divine power, order, beauty, variety of life were produced as tributary to his welfare; how they were erecting his palace, fashioning his throne, fitting up a place that should be worthy a being of such large capacities and powers; it is no mean mentor that it should be scorned. And it, thus far, is not out of harmony with our holy book, which makes man the centre of the physical world, and shows how before him the heavens bow, and to him the earth yields income. God "made him a little lower than the angels, crowned him with glory and honor, and put all things under his feet."

And now, it will always be the most useful form of knowledge for man to know his relation to his surroundings; for it will be easily conceived that the most harmonious form of life, for the individual or for the mass, must come as a result of agreement with the general method and design of the constitution of things. The physical nature of man gives him a

relation to earth, which, the better he knows, the more perfectly he can meet the design and secure the result. But it is possible for man to live in a much narrower sphere than God designed, even in this physical region of happiness. "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayest freely eat," except one. Ever since Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, and brought such suffering and deprivation to man, he has been afraid to touch things which, only through a daring risk on the part of some curious one, have been brought forth to us again as rich and delightful forms of food for enlarging taste.

Let it not be said that mind is the only expansive feature of man. It is a large world of truth material in which this body lives ; and it is already astonishing how many different tastes one man possesses, all of which bring to him delight. Man knows not yet one-half the good things of the garden of this world, having lost all but the necessary through the sin that drove him from garden to wilderness. But man's bill of fare is increasing every day. Let the world's best caterer or burgomaster be ordered to prepare us a full bill of all the good things eatable and enjoyable, and it will show us in itself that the sense of taste introduces us to a region of delight not much more finite than that of sight or sound.

But man's bodily nature, or material form, not only

seeks food, but it requires clothing and shelter. Man does not need to migrate like the birds, with the changing seasons, to find a climate suited to a narrow capacity, but he realizes his ownership of the surrounding forms, and he soon finds homes for every time and place of need in the full provision of nature respecting him. And I think it is time we all learned that man's differing and varying tastes in matters of clothing and dwelling are not, as some would term them, a weakness, or a symbol of error, but are still further phenomena of the largeness of human capacity when properly developed. That is a sad blinding of human vision which would deny its look of love upon the varied color and form that surround it; for there must be as distinct a design in connection with God's display of beauty as there is in His display of utility; and to be shut out from all this design, by the curtaining of a narrow form of human philosophy, is only a keeping of man away from that Eden garden to which he is invited back again by Him who said, "I am the way."

But our time is being spent too long upon these interesting approaches to our subject. Let it be seen by us all that it has been man's study of himself and his relation to things around that has brought so much more of what we call civilization, or proper form of life, than was experienced and enjoyed by

the ages destitute of such knowledge. And it is as a result of this study of relations we find that a large mass of organizations and machinery comes into force to meet the expanding wants, and to still further pursue the knowledge of man's possibility, or, in other words, God's will concerning him. Thus man's food wants have developed agriculture, fisheries, manufactures, commerce; man's mind wants have brought forth schools, universities, printing-presses, libraries; man's taste wants have developed architecture, and fresco, and picture, and sculpture; man's heart wants have found supply in the homes and circles of friendship, which love has invented under the guidance of Him who has given man both knowledge and love. And it will be observed that there are laws of success and failure within the circle of all these good things—laws of limitation in food: a certain amount gives life and health, a further amount, even of the good and best, gives disease and death; a certain portion of thought and study is health and strength to the whole being, a further amount fulfils the old proverb, "Much study is a weariness to the flesh"; a certain degree of sleep gives rest and recuperation to body and mind, an extreme and possible amount will change the boy to the idiot. Prodigality in any sphere is sure to produce poverty instead of abundance. From these

facts we are called to learn the value of a true knowledge of the laws that govern us in relation to our every capacity for good, and the various spheres in which these capacities are to find their activity.

But in the study of our surroundings we find not only that which relates to our self-good, but we find that the most important sphere of thought and toil exists in relation to our fellow-beings. We find ourselves constructed with a large side of our nature only complete in the fellowship of one another. Our emotions, passions, and distinctively human features all relate to one another, and, following the line of our introductory thoughts, we must easily concede that the best knowledge we can gain of our relationship here, and the laws that govern it, will be of large value to us in a life so brightened or saddened by the treatment we bestow upon one another.

If we were to begin with the things that are closest about us we would soon notice the fact, and be led to see the necessity, of certain relationships. Parents and children, teachers and scholars, governments and people, masters and servants, all these seem to belong to the very nature of human life. The relation is natural and has its own necessary laws. There cannot exist father or mother without child, nor yet a child without the parentage ; and when you have the fact of the two, you have all the duties of the

relationship. Again, you cannot have a government without a people to be governed; and, having the two, there of necessity exists all the obligations of such a relationship. Government of some kind is necessary; without it civilization is impossible. If all our statutes and courts and constitutions were abolished, we would have to call conventions, or in some way create and set in motion the machinery of government, or else start back to barbarism. And again, if you must bring capital and labor together, there immediately springs up another of these relationships and all its consequences of duty and claim. Just as soon as any civilized people advance to a point where they begin to buy and sell—to a point where the rights of property and the divisions of labor obtain—the laws of this association begin to appear.

Therefore we say that underlying all relationships of this kind there are some basal principles in reference to which right must be right and wrong must be wrong, out of which our written laws must be constructed. And we are all asking what are these? They are like the constitution of a society, the things without which the society cannot exist, or like the framework of a building, without which the building cannot exist, and respecting which any ignorance or carelessness is sure to produce misfortune. It is a subtle and intricate study to search out all these



constitutionary principles, obedience to which only can make these relationships effect their true design ; and, consequently, a simple command to each party related seems to have been put upon record for us in the book of God, to preserve the order which is designed for the happiness of all God's creatures.

Children, parents, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, masters, servants, rulers, people—all have been taught dogmatically the truths that it would cost too many years of calamity to learn in any other way, the leading truths, obedience to which will form a harmony kindred to that which reigns in heaven. And let it not be thought, as it is by some, that these are arbitrary commands of a Ruler who seeks to put burdens of effort upon those over whom His authority extends ; but let us see them or hear them as simply "tellings" or "voicings" of an all-wise Father to us, of what He knows to be necessary actions on our part to secure and sustain the good that is locked up in all these God-given associations.

But the design of this address is to take up a still broader view of things, and deal with the general topic of the relation of man as an inhabitant of this world to his immense and universal brotherhood. There are a great many things that are common to us as man that ought to make the subject exceedingly interesting to us all. We are all creatures of want,

and in many respects our wants are the same. We all came into the world by birth, all have to go through a struggle for truth and a fight against ignorance ; and in our growth from childhood we have all known something of home and love and sickness, and loss and disappointment and separation ; and soon all of us shall go out of life in the same common way, lying down and begging our mother earth to take back again the dust she gave.

And while we dwell among all these scenes, and strive to make the most of happiness for all, it will help us a good deal to look with a little more careful thought than we usually do at our dependence upon one another.

#### OUR DEPENDENCE.

If it were not for the exceeding length of time it would occupy, I should like to have taken this idea in its several spheres separately ; but I am afraid it cannot be done, so we must cluster, and speak of generalities. But think ! Think of it yourselves ! How utterly dependent we are upon one another for our happiness, and all that constitutes it ! Let me bring this to each of you, that you may know it well and feel it deeply. What is the object of your fondest pursuit and highest enjoyment ? Is it wealth ? Can you secure it or enjoy it alone ? Is it pleasure ?

Can you play it alone? Is it fame? Can you possess it alone? Is it friendship? Can you have it alone? Is it education? Can you accrue it alone? Is it religion? Could it exist in you were you alone? Oh, I think you see it well enough to let me entreat you never to be proud any more; never to try and break up society into pieces, of caste and aristocracy, which hold a haughty look of disdain against the hands that toil to bring us the things that give us comfort and joy. Let us never be vainly boasting in a false supremacy, seeing that the toil of every heart and hand and head is needed for each of our individual joys. The toilers in the mines, the workers in the stone and iron and wood, the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the teacher, the lawyer, the physician, the preacher, the poet, the author, the orator, the painter, the musician—all, all are needed to make each other happy in a world of thought and work, and suffering and worship, and mutual dependence and helpfulness such as this. I picked up a newspaper not long ago, and I was struck with the idea that the most of its contents took the form of advertisements, and I was led to ask myself, "Well, now, after all, which is the most instructive side of a newspaper?" It being on the cars, and nothing of any particular nature being at hand to read, I went interestingly into the matter of

these bold-type columns. And I am glad now that I did, for I found the lesson of interdependence most aptly illustrated there. Why, there were all sorts of things for all sorts of people, at all sorts of times, in all sorts of places, amid all sorts of circumstances, on all sorts of occasions: Cordials for infancy and crutches for old age; medicines for the diseased and amusements for the healthy; sports for the strong and supports for the weak; mournings for the sorrowful and trappings for the gay; love for the student and light letters for the idle; baits for the fool and helps for the sage; vice for the vicious and morality for the virtuous; temptations for the tastes and pabulum for the passions—all this cropping out among the advertising columns of a city newspaper. A much-mixed supply for the much-mixed wants. Side by side are the honest efforts of virtuous philanthropy and the subtle artifice of vicious knavery. The trickster's lie is divided by only one thin line from the honest man's appeal. Earth, heaven and hell seem to breathe forth a Babel of outcry. Truth and falsehood are seen hand in hand; God and the devil flung "cheek by jowl" together; theatres and missionary meetings; circuses and Christian associations; saloons and revival services; balls and prayer-meetings; masquerades and Sunday-school anniversaries; Prohibition conventions and Licensed Victuallers'

associations. And the more one reads the worse it seems to get. Here is a small space taken up with the item of "A valuable dog lost," and just below is an announcement of "Fresh-made sausages and bologna just to hand," as if the one had something to do with the other. Here a man announces a "horse stolen," and just by its side another says, "Strayed into the premises of the subscriber." The one says, "If you don't bring back my horse you will be prosecuted"; the other says, "If you don't come and take your old horse away, I'll charge you for his keep." But you are tired of this, and yet you will have beheld what a mirror of society it is, and how much may be learned by a reflective mind through scanning the columns of the daily paper.

And now let us see how this little newspaper episode carries upon its page the lesson of the hour, and how it helps us to mark the interdependence of man. Let us admit that we all need the help of all besides. I know that one might have a subsistence in a forest or on an island, but what would he be in his fancied independence? Would he live the life of a man? Then he must be his own farmer, and his own architect, and his own builder, and his own tailor, and hatter, and shoemaker, and barber, and doctor, and butcher, and baker, and candlestick-maker; he must write books for himself to read, he must publish his

own newspaper, make his own laws, construct his own parliament, hold his own elections, and vote for himself. But how ridiculously narrow a sphere would this be after all, and whatever might be achieved, how meagrely small the scale! He could never have railroads, or ships, or telegraphs, or schools, or churches, or homes, or concerts, or socials, or art exhibitions, or any of those many things of joy and utility and beauty and inspiration which come from our fellowship with one another. He couldn't even have a brass band upon the street, or a quartette in a parlor; the only independent form of musical taste being the springtime hurdy-gurdy and the self-contented grinder. But, on the other hand, let us each see how rich he is in the wealth and friendship and education and toil and care and fidelity and religion of the rest. Let us take an illustration. A humble minister of the Gospel, who makes no charge for his services, but depends entirely upon the people he serves for a livelihood, possessing in his own name perhaps not enough to keep him for a week, might easily be rated poor, and, considering his large social surroundings might well feel poor if any one would; and yet I think I hear him as he stands up with gratefulness to God and thanks to his fellow-men to encourage his poor brethren with a recital of how really rich we are in one another. He says: "Brethren, you know I don't

lay claim to much I call my own, and yet, oh ! how wealthy I am. I practically own several large daily newspapers. They are worth just as much to me as if they were published solely on my behalf at an expense of many thousands of dollars every day. I have no care for the immense work of gathering news and setting type and writing editorials ; no care, no expense, save a few pennies a day. And I practically own the street-cars and the water-works. The cars are ready for me with motor-men and conductors at any time I want to go across the city ; and the pumping-engines are going all the year round for me, giving me in my house or garden all the water I want by just turning a faucet and paying a few dollars. And, in the same way, I own several lines of railroad running in all directions ; my engines are kept well oiled, my tracks are kept in repair, and my cars warmed and ready to take me anywhere, and all for a few dollars. The whole of the wealth of the Rothschilds or Vanderbilts could not maintain for themselves alone what I have without an hour's care or labor, and for very little money. And then the best musicians come over from England and France and Germany and Italy to sing for me, and they pay all their own expenses, and bring their own accompanists, and hire their own hall, and send me just a polite invitation through the press to attend, and I have

only to meet one dollar of all the expense." And he could go on and speak of the parks and gardens, and libraries, and schools and teachers, all of which he owns to the highest degree of advantage to himself; and of the church and choir and organ he enjoys each holy Sabbath day; and in the enjoyment of this great, broad, delightful wealth, he could bless the day of his birth, and the present fact of life, and the noble brotherhood, that help all together to make life so full, so joyous, and so happy. And oh, I do wish that this view of life was oftener indulged in, for the sake of doing away with that discontent which is the prolific parent of envy and covetousness. Every man is poor who is ill-content. Contentment is the Lord's wealth, and a fair study of our relation to things and persons about us, and an honest effort to do our known duty to help the common good, will be the best form of thought for us. We ought to be able to see that it is desirable that only a few should be rich in themselves. We ought to have sense enough to understand that it is well that some man or group of men shall amass money enough to construct our railways or telegraphs, or to launch our ocean steamships, or to conduct large public works. It is not possible for all to be millionaires, and there are not public works for each of us to build. I would never build a railway for myself that I might make a



journey from one place to another. I would die before I got it finished if I had ambition to travel far. I would not construct a great reservoir in some distant hill for the sake of a little hose-pipe in my garden or a running stream in my bedroom or my bath. And on account of this I do think we ought to be glad that the littles flow out from the mass of individuals into the river channel of the rich man, thence to be drawn up by the heat of human need to be poured back again in showers of blessing upon the same ground from which it had been gathered. It certainly ought to appear to the thoughtful mind that there never can be, there never need be, many rich men; that if all were wealthy, money and labor would lose their value, and civilization would sink back to barbarism, until a working-class should be created again. Brain and soul would sink under universal opulence. Therefore, to be in your humble home is to be in the highest path of duty. Suppose all the world were poets—nine hundred million poets! What a ridiculous world, all writing poetry. And yet, however foolish that would be, and however undesirable, what a blessing, a delight to have a Longfellow, a Tennyson or a Whittier, a Watts or Wesley, or a Frances Ridley Havergal! We would not wish to lose them from the firmament of our many stars of differing glory.

"A few rich poets—rich in dream and imagination—better than all, a little ;

A few rich musicians—rich in dream and imagination—better than all, a little."

Who are the few for? Answer—The many. So God has tempered all these things so that the greatest blessings come upon the many—not on the few. So also the rich men ; for, as you see, the world needs only a few rich men. Society soon asks how many men do they employ? that is, how much useful labor does one rich man represent? for the world knows it would soon starve if the workers quit work. So, when the laborer takes his lunch-pail in hand, and starts out in the morning to be gone ten hours ; when the clerk enters the store, or bank, or office ; when the school-master enters the door where the children are crowding in ; when the preacher enters his study-room, or goes to visit the sick, or enters his pulpit in the presence of the listening crowd, let each hear the great Father of this mixed multitude of His loved ones speaking the voice of cheer, saying, "I am with you always," and let the heart be glad to serve that Father as He wills for the welfare of the great brotherhood who do so much for us.

Such reflections as these, my dear brethren, will bring you many an hour of peace ; and if you indulge them and disseminate them, a more peaceful

community will be this favored land. It is one of the great errors of the wild and misguided communism, which lives not far from us, and somewhat encroaches upon us, that it is inducing the lower order of people to feel that nothing but money can bring them happiness. Its desire to distribute property is founded upon the theory that riches and idleness are the elements of blessedness to be sought. This violent communism has a taste so gross that it cannot rise above the common appetites. It ignores any loftier world of thought and being, in which a poor tinker, or shoemaker, or plowman, or blacksmith—like Bunyan, or Bradburn, or Clay, or Burritt—has something in his hard lot which lifts him high above the help or the pity of men who would carry firebrands or firearms to equalize the rich and poor. It never can bring peace to men. It has lost the soul of all human happiness, and therefore never could have its wants supplied. With the germ of contentment gone, it is the horseleech crying, "Give, give!" It is the "grave" which is "never satisfied."

And what a poor philosopher it is, too! It assumes that the world's discontent could be cured by a free distribution of earth's moneys and realties; whereas, were each citizen given \$10,000 to-day, communism would need to return again in less than five years to pour out blood again and make the sum a \$20,000.

Ah! friends, God's way is the best way, and if we can only fill this world with sympathy and brotherhood and contentment, the true end of all this unrest will be reached. Where God's way is followed there are thousands contented and happy with but little of material substance; and their thoughts being free from such distressing care, they have been employed in regions of higher usefulness and higher delight. They need no special pity from restless politicians; they are content with what things they have, and I think I can see a jolly one of them sitting by his happy hearth, with children gathered round him, and I think I hear him sing his view of the case. Listen to him:

"The king can drink the best of wine,  
So can I;  
And has enough when he would dine,  
So have I;  
And cannot order rain or shine,  
Nor can I;  
Then, where's the difference, let me see,  
'Twixt my lord the king and me?

"Do trusty friends surround his throne  
Night and day?  
Or make his interests their own?  
No, not they.  
Mine love me for myself alone,  
Blest be they!

And that's one difference I see  
'Twixt my lord the king and me.

“Do knaves around me lie in wait  
To deceive?  
Or fawn and flatter while they hate,  
And would grieve?  
Or cruel pomps oppress my state  
By my leave?  
No! heaven be thanked! and here, d'ye see,  
More difference is 'twixt the king and me.

“He has his fools, with jests and quips,  
When he'd play;  
He has his armies and his ships,  
Great are they;  
But not a child to kiss his lips,  
Well-a-day!  
And that's a difference sad to see  
Betwixt my lord the king and me.

“I wear the cap and he the crown;  
What of that?  
I sleep on straw and he on down;  
What of that?  
And he's the king and I'm the clown;  
What of that?  
If happy I, and wretched he,  
Maybe the king would change with me.”

—*Dr. Mackay.*

## OBLIGATIONS.

Having secured your attention to the thought of our dependence upon one another, our second thought is the obligations we owe to one another arising out of this dependence. When we liken this world to a body of many members, or a piece of mechanism of many parts, we see at once the necessity of each part to form the perfect whole. And if so, we must be led to see the obligation of each to keep his place in tact and truth. No one can fall or go astray without all the rest in some way suffering. Consequently the man who is false, or unjust, or cruel, or idle, is an offender against the whole brotherhood. When each does his duty well, then all moves grandly and all share the joy, but when one breaks down, or does his work imperfectly, it is seen in the monster aggregate as a flaw, while it is felt through the great multitude as a pain.

Our obligation, then, to one another must be: First—  
“To be consecrated to the common good,” instead of  
“How can I make the most for self out of all these rich surroundings?” There should come to us a broader, deeper, grander inquiry, How can I use these things for the greatest good to all? It is but a little while since we were studying the thought of our wealth, and our happiness as found in the wealth and

happiness of the great mass, and we should consequently see that all we can pour into the culture and strength and beauty of the rest is multiplied a thousand times back upon our smaller selves. And if this living for the general good became the leading thought of all our lives, how great would be the advantage to society as well as self. You can see it would put all on the side of right. All would be on the side of industry and economy, and none against; all would be on the side of truth and justice, and none against; all would be on the side of proper law and order in the community, and none against these things. That would leave none to work for evil in any form, and give to virtue and temperance and every great cause of common good the strength of every mind and heart. It is a mean and narrow heart that would feel it could do too much for others, when it has been shown that others' toil, others' wealth, others' tears, yea, even others' life-blood have made our heritage what it is to-day. But let me particularize a little on this point, and mark a few special features of obligation. The brotherhood demands your thought. How much thought has been expended, and is now expended, upon the things most useful to man! How many teachers and preachers and poets and painters and musicians are sitting in their studios striving to gain and arrange and dis-

play their varied forms of thought for your safety and prosperity! How many medical men sit with head in hands now, and now scan their laboratory, and now read their treatises, and now repeat their diagnosis, in order to bring back the blush of health to the pale cheek of the one you love! How many patient hours of thought have been spent to bring to such perfection the thousand forms of mechanism that bring the elements which surround us into the control of your more finite hands to do the bidding of your will! Oh, the great world does demand our thought! If the thought of the few has discovered so much of a lost paradise for us, how much more if the many had only been lovers of thought. Do you know, I have felt sad to read the words of some leading writers on the poverty of the common thought. An English writer says: "Look around you; scarcely one in a thousand of any class can be got to think! I have lived in the most of the capitals of Europe, I have seen your highest and your lowest, I have mingled with all classes, and I tell you, men do not love the labor of thinking. Rich or poor, they love it not; it is a toil, it is a disturbance, it wearies, it afflicts them." And another has given his testimony in these words: "Thinkers are as scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace his subject, and who pursues it with fearlessness and purpose, is a diamond



of enormous size." This is a sad reflection, especially when placed side by side with the inspiring words of the late Carlyle: "Beautiful it is to understand and to know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, has gathered it and created it from the whole past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future; and thus the heroic heart of the first times is still speaking and thinking in us of these last times—that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and wide as the history of the world."

We owe also an obligation to one another in faithful toil. The great mass work for us and, oh, how much fidelity they do put into their toil! I am sure we too often forget it. If we stand in our parlor, and gaze around at the works which others have wrought for our comfort and culture, how perfect! Look at the even texture of the carpet, and the drapery that hangs from the cornice; look at the paintings that adorn the walls, the portrait of the long-past dead, or the landscape that gave life to new thought when first you gazed upon its beauty. Listen to the tones of music that are beaten from those two hundred wires by half as many little muffled hammers, which answer so quickly to your

touch as you sit at the piano front or have waived the place to one who can do it better than yourself. These all tell that faithful toil has been put into all these by faithful hearts and hands of labor. There is not a garment we wear, nor a meal we eat, nor a book we read, nor a paper we peruse, but has passed through very many hands, and reaches us in a degree of perfection only because all have done their work well. If we found an unsuitable quality attached to it we would be exceedingly displeased; but how seldom, after all, is that displeasure incurred. And I love to mark this immense goodness, and to feel that I can believe that there is so much more of good in this world than there is of evil. Look at the far-reaching systems of commerce and travel, and think of how much faithfulness is required of the many toilers to make this possible. A train going from here to Chicago or Boston passes a thousand switches, any one of which misplaced would endanger life, and all these are in the hands of poor laboring men; but they are faithful to their toil, and so day by day and night by night trains come and go without accident. And so you find on every hand a wonderful amount of faithfulness and honest toil to make life enjoyable and profitable to you; and this increasing fidelity of the many should show it to be a mean and cowardly life that would not share the toil. I cannot help but

say that I believe we should—every one of us—use our every talent in the service of humanity ; for when the utmost we can do is performed, we will not have been independent of the rest, and we will have more than all our own toil and thought could ever have secured us. We are always in debt. It is this great fact which makes humanity shower contempt upon those who, having lived so many years in the enjoyment of this world's gifts, reach a position of extreme ungratefulness, and think they have done enough. It seems shameful in the aged, whose long experience in a world of toil and suffering should have shown them the great value of help from the hands of those who have surmounted most of its difficulties. When I hear such an one, with whining voice, retreating from the struggle while yet it is hot, and seeking release from all help he could yet easily give, uttering his sentiments in such words as, "I think I have about done my share," "It is about time someone else began to take hold," "Don't count on me for any further help," I confess to you I feel like saying to those who remain, "Let him go ; if he can do without the rest of us, we can do without him. Leave him ; tell the butcher and baker to let him alone ; tell the tailor and wood-merchant to let him alone ; let him hunger ; let him shiver ; let him die. Tell the undertaker to let him

alone ; let his body rot ; let the flesh dry away from the bones ; let the winds come and howl through the skeleton a voice of revenge, or in more sympathetic strain sigh forth a solemn requiem over the one that wanted to be separated from the toil and service and love of the brotherhood.

There is also a most contemptible and shameful form of indolence growing upon our young men who, with weak hearts and weaker heads, covet a discharge from all honest toil, and sponge upon the workers of this busy hive, that they may flit about with the butterflies, and nightly return, not with full but empty hands, not to contribute the gatherings of the day but to beg a shelter and a meal to lift them over to another day of useless dandyism. They call themselves "gentlemen," but they are not all as "gentle" or "civil" as they might be to those who have better earned the name. But, gentlemen, if such you call yourselves, it is not of your puppyism or dandyism that the great mass of more human toilers complain. You are free to wear tight dog collars till they cut your ears off, to curl your hair and twist your whiskers till it lifts you off the ground if you like, to lisp and drawl and swagger and show off your airs of what you call fashion to your hearts content—if you'll do it without somebody else having to do all the hard work to support it. There is one

thing that makes this class of beings intensely unpopular in our day. It is the strong weight of argument they give to the Darwin theory of evolution. I feel in their presence as if I must retract what I said in the earlier part of this address about seeing no sign of a passing over from apeism to manhood. I know I said we find no half-breeds or no half-way specimens, and I hate to be beaten when these creatures of dandyism are thrust right up before my eyes, with the Eureka : " I have found him ! Here he is ! here he is ! " The great world of manhood recoils with loathing from him, because he lives not the life of a man. Starting out into life not to serve, but to be served ; not to minister, but to be ministered unto ; we see this half-idiot looking for a wife to come and support him. A girl without something that would save his hands from toil and his small brain from over-taxation would never be his choice, would never be of any use to him ; and so his whole effort of life to ape the respectable is in order to secure the good-will of one who can support him. Well, perhaps we must not be too hard upon him. If he is not capable of taking care of himself, or of holding his own among so many real and complete men about him, perhaps it's a wise providence that sends a nurse for the baby, with a silver spoon and a perambulator to give him an occasional airing. I said,

"perhaps it's a providence." I am glad I said perhaps, and if providence should have a place in such affairs I would have all you young men and women to go at once to prayer. "Watch and pray!" Ask God to deliver you from such unmanly and unfortunate positions. Covet earnestly for self and others the best gifts; but oh, don't forget the more excellent way. Strive to make such a form of life by your faithful service to the common good that it can never be said of any of you, young men, that you married on purpose to gain for yourself what others earn by fidelity and ability, or that you married to be sustained by hands not your own. I beseech you, keep out of this humiliating position. Don't have anything to do with it. If you cannot keep yourself and a wife, don't have one; if you want one, oh, so badly, then be a man and be ready to sweep crossings and break stones, and take one who is willing to honor your toil. I'd rather let myself out to clip donkeys or singe pigs than to have to feel that on account of my unmanliness or imbecility I must live on the patronage of any other. And I have known some of these animals which wear the habiliments of men forfeit, by their lazy habits, positions of trust or competence, and drive delicate ladies, their wives—as superior to themselves as an archangel is superior to an ape—through all the disgrace of debt and scandal

and exposure, and then sit down, like currish spaniels, to grow fat upon the efforts of a noble independent woman's heart, as she takes to handicraft or school-teaching, or what not, turning to account accomplishments with which she is endowed. I know I'm spending a good deal of talk on this one shape of evil, but I know no words that are able to express how manhood spurns these useless dogs, these benedict blood-suckers, these connubial vampires, who sponge upon their wives. We long to build a huge cage for the reception of such vermin, and removing it to a quarantine at a respectful and uninfected distance from the haunts of human beings, go and stir up the creatures with the long pole of human indignant derision.

Well, the point we are illustrating is the great truth that the vast brotherhood of man claims our honest toil. I am beginning to feel, notwithstanding all that has been said, that our thought is in advance of our toil. It wasn't always so. There was a day when there seemed so little to do that a man made every piece of work last as long as he could, lest he should never get another one. But these days have gone. We never need an age of roundabouts, or excessive formalisms, or complex methods, again. This is an age for the most useful, the most concise, the most time-saving forms to be used, because there is so much

to be done. I have often felt amused over the old ritualisms of some churches, and of some societies which have an ancient origin ; and still more over the most ridiculous verbosity of legal statutes, which I cannot but suppose were made and kept up to give employment to "penny-a-liners," who write by the line or by the yard for a livelihood. Would you like an example? If you go into some great law library and take down the 365th volume of the *Abridgment of the Statutes*, and turn over the leaves at random, you will likely come across an enactment the simple plain English of which, if written in our day, would be that "If any man knock another down upon the public road he shall be liable to prosecution," and you will find it abridged, as they call it, in the following terms : "And be it enacted, that if any man, woman or child, proceeding along the king's highway, at any hour of day or night, either on foot or by any conveyance, such as cart, coach, horse, ass, mule, wheelbarrow, or any other means of locomotion, shall maliciously, and with malice aforethought, stop, arrest, or impede, any man, woman, or child, proceeding either on foot or by conveyance, as cart, coach, horse, ass, mule, wheelbarrow, or other means of locomotion, along the king's highway aforesaid ; and shall strike, or cause to be struck, the man, woman, or child aforesaid, either with the hand or



clenched fist, the foot, or a stick, cane, crowbar or other offensive instrument, in such a way, mode and manner as that the said man, woman, or child, shall fall to the ground, shall be subject to such pains and penalties as are specified in George IV. cap. 57, vol. 273, p. 874, section 9." I don't wonder that you smile over all this. The world smiles at it as a relic of its childish days. It bears with these ancient methods, and seeks not to unsettle matters by any sudden cry for abandonment; but it makes no more such rituals in church or state, or bond of friendship, or even matrimony. In these days the toilers must work hard or they will lag behind the thinkers. There are new spheres of work in every direction always opening up, where the inventor and discoverer and pioneer have led the march, and the great cry is for followers, to bring to practical utility, by labor and trial, the theories and truths which the thinkers have evolved. Don't let us let the world drag behind for want of faithful and active workmen.

But I have been too long upon this one feature to give justice to some other claims that increase our obligations to one another. Those of which I have been speaking have related to the brain which plans and to the hands and feet which toil. I want to speak of one other obligation, so powerful in its influence that I hope it will meet with your special attention

and care. The brotherhood demands of one another the Truth, the proper use of the tongue. To tell the truth is one of our deepest obligations to each other. All society and communication can only be kept in consort by truthfulness. Liars are lances that go through the human family, cutting off the arteries of faith and confidence, and draining the life-blood upon the ground. We ought to believe each other always ; we ought to be able to do it. It is a sad thing to stand in the presence of a brother and know he lies to you ; to be made believe that that blessed gift of language, which God gave only to man that he might have such an easy fellowship with his brother, should be so fearfully warped to a weapon of cursing rather than blessing. There are many sins of the tongue sad to consider. The impious effect of the swearer upon the rising youth you all know. There is no more silly and absurd a practice among men than that of the swearer. Yet the sin and folly of the swearer comes most largely upon his own head. There is a practice more fatal to human happiness than even this. And I must confess I would rather hear a thousand oaths poured forth from a blasphemer's lips than listen to that other form of destructive evil that exists in the petty, cruel, heartless gossip in which so many lips indulge against their neighbors and professed friends. They are

both the words of death. But the one only involves the life of him who speaks the oath, while the other mows down with evil and relentless hand each victim that comes within its reach ; the one blasts a solitary tree, the other scatters an entire forest. I know no horse-leech demon equal to the tongue of scandal. It strikes right down to the root of all our friendships and social life, and sucks away the life-blood of our fondest love. It comes to disunite the hands that once were locked together, and tear apart the hearts that ought to fondly beat in unison. It goes away only to gather up fraternal feeling, and bring it as a sacrifice to the temple of the green-eyed goddess, to lay it upon the altar of Envy and Mischief, which, like two unholy cherubim, bend their black wings over the shrine, and brood over the loathsome offertory. It is the crafty marauder prying into the secrets of the human heart and trampling upon its most delicate and tender chords. It is a monster of unceasing greed and unquenching thirst. It regales its ear with the music of its victim's sighs ; it feasts its eyes upon the writhings of its tormented prey ; it allays its hunger with the carrion of a rotten reputation, and slakes its thirst with the blood of ruined men and women. Envy is its inspiration, lying is its trade ; yes, and lying is its happy recreation, too.

Oh, that we could only learn to help, not to hinder, one another ; that we did but delight to bear one another's burdens ; that we did but know how to copy Him who said, " Let him that is without sin cast the first stone " ; that we were tender of each other's good name, and that we did unto others as we would they should do unto us. Christ says, " If thine enemy ask a coat, let him have thy cloak also." If so much for an enemy, how much more for our friends. And yet what do we do ? We strip the coat and cloak of our professed friendship from his back and tear it to shreds at the street corners, and send him naked in reputation and character to brave the winter of a cold world's discontent.

As a minister, may I be permitted from this platform to say, especially to those who profess to follow Christ, we must obey His injunction to " love one another if we would have any influence for good upon the larger world. And when those who are members of Christian churches shall learn to govern their tongues ; when those who profess Christ shall have learned to speak the truth, or not speak at all ; when envy and hatred and malice shall give place to kindness and brotherly love ; when the tongue of idle scandal shall have been cut out and cast into the deepest hell, whence first it hissed its guile ; then, and not till then,

will the Lord comfort Zion, and begin to build her waste places, make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. And then from this Eden garden shall alway the seeds of every harvest be wafted across the world's extended surface of human hearts, till the knowledge and love of Christ shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.

"One Another!" Our subject is one I feel now I never should have taken. It drowns me! I am lost in it! I have paddled my little bark out upon a broad sea, and now I cannot find the shore. But let me not speak thus. I am glad I have entered upon it; to relinquish it, may that never be. It is the one theme for time and for eternity; it is the law of religious life for earth and for heaven. "By love, serve one another."

There is in our very nature something that only finds its complement in these high principles and exercises of which we have been speaking. That which crowns and fills life here, and without which it would be poor, vile, empty, is affection. The heart calls for objects of love. Being in itself a personality, it wants a personality to love. It finds this in the loves of home and friends; beyond this it enters into the broader love of community, country, nation; and then it expands and comes to the broadest idea, the

great love of man as man. But all these human hearts together, thus loving and being loved, look up to some unity of love, to some life that binds all in one. And it finds that life is God in Christ Jesus our Redeemer. He is the fountain of all life, of all love, of all fellowships, of all justice, and goodness, and truth. Hence it is from God comes the voice of truth, saying, "Love me"; the voice of fidelity, saying, "Love me"; the voice of justice, saying, "Love me"; the voice of Love itself, saying to all the loves of earth, loves unrequited, loves that have been touched by sorrow, loves that have filled the world with sighs like the mourning of the dove, loves that have toiled and borne and suffered to teach men all the holier life, loves that have looked at the peaceful sunset and the silent stars and longed for rest—to all these the everlasting love of Calvary, and from the very heart of God cries out: "Oh, weary ones, come home! come home! Up here are many mansions, up here are no graves and no disappointments and no tears; up here are no weary ones, no sad ones sitting alone and unloved; up here all deal fairly, up here all love and all are loved. Many of us have sweet and close connection with that happy heaven now. Bright threads of endearment are being woven every day between men and women here and happy

spirits yonder. As fast as the scythe of the destroyer cuts the silver cord of union here below, it is made fast and strong by heavenly hands above. The mother from whose breast the little child is riven has only to lift the sigh a little higher, and waft the fond kiss upwards towards a starry forehead in the skies, for the cord is not broken, but only transferred that she may have a firmer link with the other world. We are all linked to heaven, who love on earth ; and he who loves most on earth is best fitted for that heaven.

“ We dream of music heard in heaven,  
Of hallelujahs loud and long ;  
Of golden lyres, and seraph choirs,  
And all the bliss of angel song.  
But the rich strain and raptured flow  
That pour around the mighty throne  
Spring from the keynote touched below  
When Jesus said in gentle tone, ‘Love one another.’

“ We fondly picture future homes,  
Where there shall never more be night ;  
With crystal walls and azure domes,  
Bathed in the flood of glorious light.  
We hope to walk the star-paved ground  
And claim a mansion high and pure ;  
But this plain corner-stone is found  
Fixed here, to make that mansion sure—‘Love one  
another.’

“ Short creed, but taught by God’s own Son,  
The type of truth and human good,—  
The holy, wise, child-hearted One,  
Who sealed His mission with His blood.  
When scoffers led Him forth to die,  
No hate, no vengeance filled His breath—  
‘ Father, forgive them.’ was His cry,  
Still teaching in His hour of death : ‘ Love one  
another.’ ”



## The Why of Education.

THE little "why" is one of the most frequent interrogations of the human tongue. It is that of the lisping child and of the silvery-haired man of many years. Every project is put forth for a "why." The mechanic pursues his daily course of wearying toil ; the merchant uses his every endeavor for the prosperity of his business ; the student burns the midnight oil in search of knowledge from the storehouse of literature ; and all with some object in view which is deemed worthy of this untiring zeal.

To the school child, it may be, no distinct object is seen to charm it forward in its life of study ; but such is given to the teacher or parent in trust for the child. These are to be, then, the inspiration for those as yet untutored in the possibilities of being.

It was well said, I think, by the late Phillips Brooks, that "the perfection of any act consists in the elevation and the harmony of three elements : Its purpose, its method, and its power." And the more one examines this statement the more practical it seems to

be. True in regard to any act, it is peculiarly true in regard to the great act of life itself. Finding the candidates for life's prizes and achievements so largely in our schools and universities, it seems that here our most lasting impression is to be made, and the "why" of life's whole career must begin in the "why" of education. When we study the act of a youth's education we must soon see that its perfection will be equally dependent on the perfection of the already-named three factors in its production, namely, its purpose, method, and power;—*i.e.*, if the end be a low or narrow one, if there be no high ideal of character and scholarship entertained by the parent or guardian at first, and set up as early as possible in the heart of the youth, and kept up in the midst of all the struggle and toil, you may provide the ablest teachers and the most worthy text-books, inspire him by surrounding competitors and the charm of rivalry to a most eager enthusiasm, but the product will be only a half-taught scholar, or a half-made man. Use good method and good power on a low ideal or end, the low ideal will be well wrought out. Or, suppose the end or ideal to be high and noble, yea, even a perfect one, and the early ambitions to be pure and worthy, but furnish only the poorer methods—defective schools, incapable teachers, imperfect text-books—and again you fail in

the result. The method here is insufficient for the end sought and the spirit seeking. Or, once more, have a high ideal, secure the best instrumentalities in school and teacher and text-book, but put only some low or mercenary impulse into the scholar's heart, and feed his young spirit with some world-like pride, or some servile fear of authority's rod, and again you will find an imperfect result. This time the power or impetus has been unworthy the means and the end.

Now, in this little analysis we have seen the relative import of each factor to the desired product. It is only when the ideal or end, and the method or school-training, and the power or ambition, are perfect that a perfect education can be wrought out.

In a contemplative survey of the educational field, it has seemed, to your unworthy critic, that the most of attention and care is bestowed upon the second factor in the problem. The methods are well studied ; the teachers are graded higher each succeeding year ; the text-books are selected afresh with the growth of experienced authors ; the buildings are carefully designed and planned to meet their work, and also give token of the love in which this age holds its little ones. And I am glad over this ! How profitable it is ! You know that any addition to any factor is an addition to the product.

It is a joy, indeed, to learn that the ideas of our

humanity have passed away from spending their money and time, thought and toil, upon sphinxes, pyramids, obelisks, and temples to myths, and costly shrines to Venus and love, to enshrine their thought now in the architecture of the school-house. When our travellers go to Egypt to view her aged ruins, their study is all upon her heaps of gigantic rocks piled up along the Nile, or some sculptured column like that which has been floated from its base of thousands of years to stand in this new land as a novelty among our magnificent piles of utility and beauty ; and so the traveller to our land must centre his thoughts upon our uplifted walls, to read our leading ideas, and know the character of our inner life of thought and love. And, while he journeys over our new and unsettled landscape, he must pause at all the leading cross-roads to mark our little white or red section school-houses, and stand in our villages before our Public and High School buildings, and, moving onward, pause before the stately piles that the towns and cities erect to our universities ; and then, crossing the sea, and meditating a little while before the twenty colleges among the old Elms at Oxford, let his silent reflections burst forth in verse of praise, or shed tears of overwhelming gratitude over all these new temples—not of Jupiter Pluvius or Jupiter Stator, but of humanity's dearly beloved

children rising up into the glory of their lofty being—and thank God for the better day.

And while we boast so proudly of this form of advancement, may I not dare to say that the factors to a complete education, which lie in the ideal and the ambition, are less carefully studied or provided for. It has been my privilege to attend some of the school conventions of teachers, and to profit by their conversations, but here also I am reminded that the method is the factor most considered as valuable in their work. True, the item of impetus or ambition as a power is sometimes touched in the question of prizes and rewards ; but the leading aim seems to be to get the student to learn the truths for the sake of the prize, or for the school's sake, or, may be, for the truth's own sake—the latter, of course, being the highest end ever sought after.

I have no desire to enter the realm of philosophy, or make my address a study of psychology—I must keep close to the practical world. Yet we do come just here to an old question, studied by the oldest metaphysicians, and occupying a paragraph or chapter in all our modern books of mental science, namely : “ Is truth, or mental exercise in the pursuit of truth, the superior end ? ” Sir William Hamilton says : “ At first sight it does seem absurd to doubt that truth is more valuable than its pursuit, for is not

this to say that the end is less important than the mean, and on this point a prevalent misapprehension is founded. A slight consideration will, however, expose the fallacy." Following this statement is a long consideration of the question of this relative value. Pascal, Aristotle, Lessing, Malebranche, and others, are all brought in to testify that mental activity is a superior end for search rather than truth. We dare not think of opposing the philosophy of such magnificent intellects, and it shall be a part of our work to-night to seek to prove and apply their philosophy to practical purposes. But a further part remains still. There is found in us mind or intellect, and in the universe around us there are the answering truths and facts to be known by this intellect; and if we ask: "Why the facts and the truth?" and it be answered, "To cultivate and develop the intellect," the question still remains, Why the intellect and all its massive powers, and all its implements of truth? for intellects have been made strong and mighty by their exercise in the pursuit of knowledge, and their career in life has been a failure commensurate with their seeming greatness. Therefore, we must not be led by the lovers of mind-culture to make even that the great end, but seek to know if there be not a grand truth sphere to which all these minor truths may be but preparatory—preparing the mind for its final utility in the design of its Creator and Lord.

We have already directed your attention to the ideal of the leading philosophers of the schools, and you will be glad now to rise with me to the investigation of the work by that man of wisdom to whom the sanction of the Holy One is given, and whose work on education is permitted to be bound close to the centre of what has been fitly called the "Book of Life."

In the days of art it was the fashion of the wise ones to seek to personify their ideas and give them influence over men through the physical senses. Hence, painting and sculpture came to a high state of perfection. The seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter—found themselves incarnated and standing upon pedestals to be seen of men. Faith, hope, charity, patience, and the other graces, found human form in bronze and marble, or upon canvas made to breathe by the spirit that moved the pencil. And literature, too, became a highly-cultivated art, and the pen became a chisel and brush to form figures and pictures in words, to bear ideas of lofty truths to that sensual form of mind that lived in its day. In this sense Solomon was an artist, and his early part of the Book of Proverbs contains a picture the study of which is rewarded with profit and delight. In the eighth chapter you will find Truth represented as a beautiful angel, standing at the gate of the city,

crying for attention from the young who were passing by. She is heard speaking her own history, and relating her immense powers and resources. Her claims are high for honor, as she asserts her Divine pedigree, and declares, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old." She claims that all good government of kings and all true justice of princes are attributable to her friendship and direction. Her voice of entreaty in this chapter is unto the "sons of men." She claims the treasures of gold and silver, and all the comforts they represent, and she offers herself as a willing friend to every seeking child of humanity. She says, "I love them that love me," and sadly remonstrates, "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." There is no place in all my own reading where Wisdom or Truth has been so beautifully personified or so attractively presented ; and, for this reason, I have been better able to learn my lessons at these angel feet than at any other shrine. I want you to take an interest in this subject to-night because of the sad utterance of the angel concerning those who sin against her or forsake her.

I think it is the solemn calamity of to-day, and of all past days, that men are so careless about the pursuit of truth. The insignificance of man, of which we so often hear, arises for the most part out of his own



wilful ignorance of those truths within his reach, which he is so earnestly solicited to seek and to find to the perfection of his being. It is only here and there, only now and then, there does seem to rise up a truth lover—one who has scaled the mount of Wisdom and beheld the glories that are the heritage of the climber, from whose lofty position he rings out a clarion exhortation to all the silly ones who seem wasting precious hours in the valley below. And only from these followers after Wisdom, who have gained a radiance from her inherent glory, can we catch any real idea of what is the true dignity of man, and what is the true design of God the Father concerning him. There have been in every age some callers from the loftier pinnacles of Truth, yet have the sons of men been too deaf to the voice of their calling to come into a general realization of the offered glory. Only to those who, having ears to hear, do hear, has ever come the inspiring knowledge of what a man might and should be. David of old sang lofty strains of the dignity of man, but they sounded down the ages unheard or unheeded by the unthinking throng until Paul, a philanthropist and thinker, caught their echo and was quick to repeat it, saying, "But one in a certain place testifieth, What is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him. Thou madest him a

little lower than the angels ; thou crownest him with glory and honor, and didst set him over the works of thy hands : Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet, and left nothing that is not put under him."

And then he follows with the utterance, " But we see not yet all things put under him. But we see Jesus," etc. And as we see Jesus we have a consciousness, to some extent at least, of our native dignity, and the design of our creation and redemption, as well as the sad contrast which exists in our own personal present condition. The very presence of the great Jesus is always both glorifying and shaming us at the same time, showing at once our natural or God-given capacity, and our degenerate or fallen state or condition. And, perhaps, you will allow me to say just here, that one thing that makes the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ so especially dear to me is that it inspires such a faith in the capacity or possibilities of our manhood. It believes that man is of such a God-like nature that he can hold God—that God can be incarnated in him. Has not our sense of man's capacity been always too low ? A few observations may serve to impress us with this fact.

It is a most marvellous and most deplorable condition of affairs when we stand just at this point of

thought, and view the landscape below, and mark the ill-appreciation of learning truth. How little fondness for intellectualities among the mass! How few care to read at all! and then, among the readers, it is claimed that seventy-five per cent. of the reading is worse than useless. Observe the significance of the following facts: A house, which some few years ago bravely began the issue of a library of staple works at a low price, now publishes only sensational fiction. Another house, which has extensively advertised cheap standard books, and issued great quantities, has now ceased its advertisements, been compelled to part with many of its plates, and has withdrawn from the market all but one of its works. This is alarming! But it does not half alarm! Unless public sentiment can be aroused, and kept aroused, the bad book will be again the only cheap book in the market.

And let our observation extend a little further. How hard it is to get the mass to care for public entertainments of a literary character! In almost every community it is the same cry. The people will not turn out to anything good in the shape of a lecture or essay to be read or spoken on any scientific, historic, or artistic subject. A Cool Burgess, with his show of blacklegs—black faces I should have said—or the Davenport Brothers, with their flying fiddles in

the dark, or the Chinese Juggler and Wizard of the North, will certainly draw a crowd, and come with plenty of silly playthings for the weak and childish company, to amuse them for the evening's hour.

But let us come a little nearer home still. Our boys go to school, principally because they have to, until they are sixteen or seventeen or twenty years of age, and they come forth therefrom and distribute themselves, the one to his farm and the other to his merchandise. One young student leaves his books and teachers, and goes off to learn to be a cooper, and that is the end of him; he everlastingly after that lives in a tub. Another goes off to learn to be a miller, and you never see him again for the dust. Another goes off to the plow, and lives ever after in a rut. And others, it may be, go into the city and enter the store or office or desk, and become clerks, or merchants, or lawyers, or physicians, and that is the end of them. They have gone to follow a trade or to follow a profession. Now, in the case of all these, it has seemed as if education was simply to make a little better slave of man; and I fear the bulk of mankind look at the whole destiny of life as such, and have framed their very language accordingly. Instead of us poor slaves meeting each other upon life's path, and inquiring, "What is your son, or your daughter, going to follow?" it should be, "What is your son going to lead?"

Some years ago, when I was a youth, I edged my way into a vast cathedral, amid a large and eager throng, to witness a marriage ceremony. It was very solemn and impressive to me. Near the altar were to be seen some half-dozen women, dressed in wedding array, and all ready for the ordinance. Soon it began. I confess I missed the groomsmen. I found out, however, that there were none; that these six were brides to be married to the Church. The ceremony was called "Taking the Veil," and then and there those goodly women took the veil to all the outside world, and gave up their life and love and service, for better, for worse, to the Church, till death should them part, and thereto they plighted their faith. I went away and thought deeply. I deemed it a noble act—such self-sacrifice, such consecration to holy ends! I revere the dear hearts to-day for their devotion. Yet it has seemed to many of us that a better philosophy of service and consecration may be indulged in. We have preferred to believe that a more useful form of devotion would be to throw off any veil that might separate from the wants of God's great world, and become married to the great humanity without, for deeds of kindness and love. And, in the culture of this newer idea, we have grown to pity that form of society which has shut itself out from the world, where all this love and

charity is so needed, and where also God intended the human heart should expend and enjoy its powers of love and affection. But we dare not criticise lest we are self-condemned. I have seen a thousand men, who in bright and early youth were broad in their friendships and large in their ideas of life, go and take the veil of some trade or profession or pursuit, and marry it, and forsake all other things and cleave unto it, and the man was completely lost in the trade. He was once known as a man, now only as a carpenter, or a merchant, or a physician. He certainly followed his calling, and followed it obediently. It not only led him, it enslaved him; for he was obliged to obey its mandates and follow its arbitrary rules, and so, from the dignity of a high manhood, he dropped like a slave at the heels of his tyrannical master.

The same bondage is seen in the seekers after place and power and plaudit, who strut before our rising youth to-day, and lead them to envy their lot. But, ah, indeed, common popular position is no high ideal for a human life! It demands a sacrifice of one's own personal liberty and freedom. It is a life of toil and trouble and victories and defeats, to end perhaps in a few short and stormy years of power and reputation. "Of power?" you say. Yes; but power which dares not exert itself freely for fear of

giving offence. "Of reputation?" you say. Yes; but a reputation which at any time, for any reason, or for no reason at all, may be blighted and blasted. Nor, indeed, in this day, can any man assume to lift his head above the ranks of his fellows but he must suffer a pelting from either one quarter or another. To reach the position for which he is a candidate, however, to his own mind, honest and self-sacrificing his purpose may be, the town in which he lives must be set ringing for weeks with clamorous invectives against him, and the huge dictionary of hard and evil words must be exhausted upon him. He must be the theme of reviling at the market-place, the warehouse, the post-office, the club-room, and the corner of every street. A gang of utterly unconscientious and unscrupulous men, well up in the slang of the schools, and with pat quotations from the classics at the tips of their tongues and the nibs of their pens, sit concocting coarse or elegant falsehoods about him, as the evil spirit moves them, in the offices of some of our city newspapers; while two or three hard-drinking profligates are kept in pay to twist wet towels round their heads and write their column of the vulgarist and profanist rowdyism their hell-taught minds can create, to help or to hinder this seeker of a place of power. And when all this is done and set up into type, and sent out broadcast, then is our

hero's name to be shouted out by every shrill-voiced brat upon the railway platform, and hooted forth by dirty little ragamuffins into every office and store, and bawled out by frog-voiced street-runners from corner to corner and street to street, while the old pasteboard man struts down the main thoroughfare with a big bill stuck on in front, and another on behind, like two big poor man's plasters, exposing some tirade of abuse, and publishing some unjust libel of a good man's name. And when a man has to pass through all this bedlam of hissing slander and cruel guile in order to reach the position of his desire, we think there must be something wrong with either the purpose, the method, or the power.

But perhaps this is somewhat of a diversion from the real point. We have been trying to show you that really, to the bulk of minds, education seems to have no other work than to qualify men for better slaves or servants, and our further aim in this address is to bring before such minds a higher ideal, and to bid them look upon the human place in life as one where man is designed to lead, not to follow ; to rule, not to serve.

Perhaps, as a help to the appreciation and enjoyment of this thought, it would be advantageous to ask you for a moment to look at the wonderful place man occupies in this great world. When we look around



and about, it just seems as if all was made for him, and yet it could all easily subsist without him. It is striking, indeed, how much that we do centres in and around man. If we write or read a history, it is a history of man ; if we construct a philosophy, it is a philosophy of man ; if we study the labor question, it is the labor of man ; if we plan a government, it is a government for man ; if we talk about learning, it is the learning for man ; if we study religion, it is a religion for man. Other things may command a little of our attention, but only as we conceive them to stand related to man's happiness or misery, man's duty or destiny. And just think what a tremendous pile of work, study, care, and trouble, rises up along our pathway. How quiet would this world be without human beings? No noise of machinery, no puzzling over books, no worry over government, no plowing of fields, no weaving of garments, no kindling of fires, no sacrificing at altars, no bowing in prayer, no assembling in worship. All man's worry and trouble and care seem to be about himself. The world, as far as we can see, could get along without him. The grass would grow, the flowers would bloom ; the birds would sing ; the beavers work ; the lion would roam in the forest, the panther crouch in the jungle ; the lakes would spread out beneath the sky, and the rivers flow on toward the sea ; the seasons

would come and go; the sun would shine by day, the moon and stars look down at night—and all would be as it now seems, save that there would be one great gap, or break, or void between the upper and lower worlds. There would be no being that possessed any capacity higher than the earthly, and therefore no communion or link between the life above and the life below. Man is God's great crowning piece of workmanship, standing, as he does—the combined elements of animal and spiritual nature—the designed mediator between earth and heaven.

And here, in this sphere, then, man is intended to rule. David said so, and Paul reiterated it, but mourned that we see it "not yet." But now we shall notice a practical fact where education touches the problem, and that is that: The knowledge of the truth in any sphere gives man the ruling power in that sphere. The farmer must know the facts or truths of agriculture; the navigator, the real truth about the winds and the tides; the architect, the laws of geometrical balances; the religionist, the truths of morals and faith and righteousness, before each can find the throne of mastery in his individual sphere. The agriculture of Christ's day in the East, and previous to his day, was unable to support the surrounding life because it possessed only little truth. The plow was but a crooked stick, and only stirred the

surface of the soil ; the planting and cultivating were defective, and so famine after famine came. There is little famine now in our day of study in soils and seeds and implements ; but man moves over his fields a master, and makes them yield to his will.

Man is learning to rule. Do you not see it ? Mark how he has not only improved vegetation, and added fresh beauty to the grass upon the lawn, and enriched the fruits on the boughs of the orchard, and multiplied the colors and increased the fragrance of plants, but how he has bettered the soils, moderated the severity of the seasons, turned rivers, joined seas, and rendered tributary to his service all those strange forces which are only known in their operation, and seem to be most perfect in that operation only, by the intervention of human intelligence. Go a little further. See man flash the electric spark—charged with his own thought—through the heart of a mountain, or under the surging billows of the sea. See him grapple with some mighty pestilence that threatens to rid the earth of human life ; and, bidding it stand back and cease its work of death, it must his word obey. See him wring from the bowels of the earth her long-hoarded treasures, and extract from the flower or herb its healing oil or soothing anodyne ; and then tell me, is not man standing only just where he was intended to stand in so doing ? Does it not seem as

if man was only just beginning to make himself at home in this long lost world? In all these partial victories gained has he interfered with any laws of Nature, or disregarded her mandates, or deranged her courses? No! She is as fair and orderly as ever; but still—Eureka! Wondrous effects have been produced which, if left to herself, never would have come: effects which are directly traceable to the contact of an intelligence which, it is plain to see, was designed to subject Nature, without subverting her, to its own ends and aims.

It has often been a subject of differing opinion as to what was that curse which our first father brought upon us in the garden, and some of us feel that toil and labor are not our first nature, and that was a calamity when it was said we must earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. Well, though many poets have sung in soaring and strong-winged numbers the sublimities of labor and work, I do confess I never cared a great deal for the tune. It seems to me that, in any part of man's eclectic nature, work is a defect. To have to study and get tired tells me, somehow, of a lost paradise. A memory that has to labor to recall events we call defective; and when we come into the region of fancy and imagination, or the sentimental exercises of feeling, passion, humor, we cannot but be offended by signs of labor

or work. Work, we must allow, argues insufficiency or defect, and to say that a man labors is the same, in one sense, as to say that he fails. I think the play idea is the normal idea. I always thought so from a boy at school. I think so still. Nothing is sufficient or great, nothing fires or exalts us, but to feel the Divine energy and the inspiring liberty of play. To say that what is hard and wearying and irritating to us is perfect play to another is to say that he has the proper attitude toward it. To tell me that one of these young lady friends "labors" well at the piano does not seem to be complimentary. Honor lies in the achievement that she has become a player. But now we must ask, How does this come? It may be it was the original way; but that is of little account now, unless we can find our way to reach it once again.

It must come to us now only through work. *Similia similibus curantur*—I am a homœopathist on this one point. Work is activity for an end. Play is activity as an end. We must prepare for play by work. Look at the little child, the playing creature, in the muscular life. Full of animated glee, unable to contain the brimming life that is in him, he must needs expend it in action. He leaps about the ground, climbs into the trees, screams among his companions in notes that tingle on the air, not because

he will, or has any ulterior end, but because the play fund is in him and he must. But perhaps we have forgotten how much hard work came before this to prepare for it; how he had to practice eye, voice, ear, hand, foot, putting forth carefully little by little, and gradually getting possession of the bodily machinery which now plays so nimbly. Every muscle in his body had to be graduated in the little university of motion before he was ready for "play." He had many falls to suffer in order to get the balance of his members; much crying to do to get possession of his voice—and all this must be called the work state that prepares for that after state of play. And it is worth while to notice how man is growing toward this state of play. Literally enough did man have to earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow" in the days before the light and the dignity of man were shadowed forth in Christ. When he went forth to plow the field, or when he went out afterward to sow the grain, or when he went again, with sickle in hand, to reap, or, once more, to separate the wheat from the chaff, it had all to be done as a slave, as a toiler, as one under a curse. Every limb must weary, and the brow tell out its prayer for better things on the bead-roll which the sweat of dishonor had brought out then upon it. But how different the scene in this day of truth finding and victory! Now, the gentleman king can array

himself in all the livery of his regal position, with castor beaver on the head, and Alexandra glove upon the hand ; can mount the cushioned seat of a beautiful chariot drawn by steeds caparisoned in becoming dress, and, looking out upon the waving fields of grain which have in like manner been sown and tilled, can move forth in graceful gesture over his domain, seated in his car of triumph, going forth conquering and to conquer—his old masters bowing to the dust at his feet, falling into line behind him and rolling into sheaf, to become the creatures of his perfect will. Oh, what a play has become this work ! Oh, what a lost paradise has been thus regained ! Oh, how slavery has thus given place to this emancipation ! “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

Brothers of a common nature, we possess powers of intelligence, and we know it. There is no limit to the world of truth, and we have never yet learned that there is a limit to the redeemed mind's power. The lines of truth seem to come, like spokes in a wheel, from every part of a vast unmeasurable circumference, to centre in each outlooking mind. Out upon them we can go anywhere : backward, forward, upward, downward, outward, inward ; and thus we make our own world, in which we individually dwell, a large and rich one, or a small and poor one. Oh,

how sad my heart is at times as I look out at the careless crowd who never try to think or learn! When I see such a young man or such a young woman, as does frequently meet one's gaze in society, with no aim or purpose to know the great truths of every kind that crowd all around seeking admission to growing minds, I confess I think of a deaf man walking up and down, or sitting unmoved, in some vast cathedral where the mighty orchestra and choir are executing an inspiring oratorio in music's sublimest display, all lost upon him, and how sad! Or, I think of some blind one groping about in a gallery of art, or a universal exposition or centennial display, where the world has gathered together her richest gifts of wonder and delight, only to be lost upon his poor, sightless orbs of vision. And, I tell you, this strange sadness affects me wildly, madly almost, at times, as it wakes up my pitying soul and breaks it out into enthusiasm's passion to exhort the young to stir themselves to acquire their great and rich inheritance.

But there is hope. The picture is getting brighter. It was from the lofty pinnacle of a stand beside David and Paul, viewing the design and model of manhood in the person of the world's Christ, that we saw the far shortcoming status of the struggling race. There is another standpoint, a relative one, which



brings us news to cheer us in our march. Already we have stepped aside to gather courage, while marking the progressive conquest of man; and we shall be pleased now to mark how the growth of fondness for intellectual pursuits is marking our era as one full of cause for cheer.

I know I have been sad to mark how large a crowd seem to live only for food and drink, and dress and material wealth, and whose whole life is spent in barter, with intent on only more of gold; but oh! there is another crowd—and every day I see them fast increasing—who would gladly turn their food and drink and gold all into those higher things which make their world of enjoyment so much more rich and various. We all mark how, when the West opens up its mines of gold and silver and lead, and the news has spread that fortunes can be made in a summer's day, the multitude is vast that are willing to forsake the comforts and friendships of early life to make the search for gold. But these are not the only ones that move out in search of gain; nor is this the only form of gain. It is not long since a large company of scholars hurried out to the mountains of the West to study an eclipse of the sun, where a whole score of new sciences met on the lofty summit to ask the shadow to tell them something more about the star depths and the throne of the Almighty. And after-

wards, in every part of our continent, we found similar activity and similar zeal accumulating itself toward an approaching movement of unusual appearance among heavenly bodies, when the transit of Venus became the study of the hundreds of those who would spend their all upon one such wonderful sight. When the old Chaldean men of science attempted to learn the truth of the heavens, they were compelled to look with the eye only—with the eye and a loving heart. But now a whole procession of instruments and arts move out to where the shadow falls or the brightness glows, that the mystery may be more fully explored. The astronomer is not there alone now. "The science which can catch a picture in an instant ; the science which can analyze a flame a million miles distant, and tell what is being consumed ; the science which can convey the time two thousand miles while the excited heart beats once—these and that sublimest science that can see the rings of Saturn and the mountains of the Moon"—all these, holding high carnival of investigation together in this very age and day when we are lamenting and sighing that men love only meat and drink, and gold and pleasure, tell us a cheering story.

And just here I want to be of service to our young friends who have a commendable desire to occupy a position in the good society of our day. Some of

you have been taught that the front door of society is opened only to those who knock with money in their hands ; but I am here to declare that such is positively far from the case. When Money herself gives a party to-day she sends not out her invitations according to the basis of cash, for no evening party could enjoy themselves if gathered only upon such a choice. She, therefore, is found seeking to fill her parlors with the lawyer, and the doctor, and the clergyman, and the singer, and the inventor, and the artist, and possibly the dramatist, none of whom, perhaps, has any hope of fortune, and, indeed, it may be, has barely enough to procure a neat apparel ; and many of the invited ones are so entirely free from fortune that they cannot ride to the rich man's house in a carriage. But only such as these could ever make up a delightful evening in this growing age of intellectual appreciation, when the evening can no longer be filled out with a maudlin "dawnce" or the play toys that once amused a world of little silly children. It is true that the relics of barbarism still remain, and there are some who plead for the retention in our social evening's party of the waltz or harvest-dance of the painted savage of the heathen land ; but I confess to you to-night I believe its doom is sealed. I'll tell you why : it was always

kept up in civilized countries for woman's sake. She was never deemed to be the equal of man. The early days of even education deemed not that woman could ever be an intellectual companion for man. All the old painters were men. All the old musicians were men. All the old philosophers were men. All the old teachers and pedagogues were men. And these men could have their conferences in the wake of their special lines of science, or of art, or of commerce, or of government; but these were no places for woman. Hence there grew a fashion of society that, for the honored lady's sake, there must be given evening entertainments, where all truths and intellectualities must be put aside by men, and they must come down to woman's level and be her equal for the evening. Woman was then a creature admired and loved most for her beauty, so that was the thing to be most displayed upon the evening of the affair. Hence dress was a leading feature of array, and those who could not vie in real physical beauty with others that would be there, strove to make their victory through the outward charms of dress. Many ladies, therefore, were little more than clothes-horses upon such occasions; and the lights brilliant, and the reflectors clear, all things were made subservient to the display of woman's chief attractions—dress and beauty.

Into this form of pleasure the world of late centuries went with much of zest ; but a philosophy of the case makes it appear to have arisen from their low estimate of the mental calibre of woman. It was something provided for her. The principle still remains when you uncover it. To-day a man is called a "weakling," a "dandy," if his chief accomplishment should lie in that direction ; but it seems to be nothing derogatory, even yet, to call them lady-like accomplishments in some circles of society not given much to intellectualities among women. But, I have said, they will pass away. The day has dawned, too long held back by these follies of error. The light is beaming now upon the mountain tops of society, and already in this new light is it seen that an equality might be, and should be, and shall be, in the intellectual status and ability of man and woman ; and our universities have been obliged to open the door of graduation and degrees to humanity, not distinguished by any accident of sex or circumstance. The doors of knowledge, of science and art, music and painting, history and philosophy, astronomy and ethics, and all the entrances to that great world of truth, are flung open alike to all who seek, and over the portals of these many gates can be seen written, in the language of the nineteenth century, what Christ wrote in the era's birth : " Ask,

and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be open unto you : for every one that asketh receiveth ; and everyone that seeketh findeth ; and to each that knocketh it shall be opened." And, believe me, in the march of this intellectual progress, it shall be seen that our evening associations for pleasure will take a form of loftier joy and more rational delight ; and literature, with its aids of elocution and the dramatic art, together with music in its higher grades and innumerable instruments, aided by microscopic studies, and the wonders of the aquarium and the botanic field, with a hundred other growing topics of mutual interest, will fill up the play of the social evening which an intellectual race is ushering in. It must be the best criterion for judging the general intellectual tone of any society to mark its engagements in play, for, as we have said, play is the normal state—play is the point up to which past work has brought us ; and, feeling this, there is a growing revolt against the follies that have monopolized the social circles in the fast vanishing past. Of course, there is a grade of society "high" according to their own basis of judgment, but "low" according to the standard of the world's "best" to-day, who still elaborate the fashion of evening entertainments from the old standpoints. If there are any of that class present, I can give you the latest

style, taken directly from the fashion journal of that class or "tone" of society.

You can tell me how you like the tone. I give it directly from the print. It reads as follows: "A wonderful amount of invention is expended in devising original costumes for our fancy balls. A lovely countess, who is noted equally for her wit and beauty, gave one recently, in which her guests represented a fruit garden. The ladies appeared as vines, cherry trees, currant brushes, strawberry plants, etc., and the gentlemen as apple and pear trees. One lovely young lady won murmurs of admiration as a strawberry. At another ball a kitchen garden was represented. The ladies wore white and red turnips, cauliflowers and radishes (the sweet-smelling onion and suggestive carrot were neglected), and the gentlemen appeared as cabbages, beet-root and celery. Some amusement was created at another fancy ball, given by Madame Guichard, by the appearance of a newly married couple as cock and hen, the cock being arrayed in golden brown feathers, with comb and spurs complete, and the hen in white satin and swansdown, with a little white feather tail, and a small basket of golden eggs."

I am really glad to say that I honestly believe that such things as these are shocking to the truly refined minds of our society to-day; and yet it is a proper

thing to know that, as society is dividing itself now upon the standing of intellectual culture, the lower half is dragging itself down to an anticlimax, manifested by this official record. Thank God, these are not ours! We can take pleasure in better things. We can play at problems that bring out to us finer issues. We can laugh at sager humorisms and at sublimer joys.

Well, now, we ought to be gathering up our very rambling thoughts and see how far we have gone. I confess the region over which I have been travelling has to me as yet no beaten track, and I have led you as by a woodland path, and we have loitered much by the way. But let us stay a moment, look back and about, and find just where we stand. We have found ourselves in a very large world, and we have been led to see that our place in this great sphere is designedly that of masters, and not of slaves. We have also seen that it is a knowledge of the truths which lie about us, only to be sought and followed, which gives us the ruling power any and everywhere. We have also seen that our life may be broader and deeper and higher than some individual trade or calling only; that we need not be known only as "hands" to be hired at so much a day, but also as men and women who are mediating between heaven and earth to accomplish the will of



God. We have also seen that there is a still further world of knowledge for us to gain. All around and about us are mysteries, or regions unexplored as yet, up, out, into which our willing feet should run. While our country is opening up new lands in the West, and cities and villages mark the places where the adventurers gather together to build up the new territory and make it habitable and fruitful for the growing populace ; so, also, our diligent scholars must espy the distant provinces and continents of Truth, and gird up their loins and go forth to systematize and prepare into habitable and fruitful forms all that vast area of promised land which, to the eye of faith and love, is seen to be a land that "floweth with milk and honey."

And among the acres of thought that need the culturing and systematizing hand of the educationist is that whole area of moral forces which are so essential to a proper conduct of life's varied forms of activities. It is gratifying to find how we are becoming acquainted with the secrets of earth and air and sea ; and how we have harnessed to our chariot the once untamed forces of an awful universe ; and how the varied forms of lower life in animal and vegetable are learning our mastery and becoming obedient to our will ; but we have yet a world to conquer, and a knowledge of its truths is all that can give us a ruling power.

Man is not only a mental being but a moral one ; and it is a pity, it seems to me, that the study of ethics is only put into the course for those who are to have a B.A. or a B.D. I think that, after all, when any of you older persons look back at the early education of life, you can see that your most valuable ideas did not come by the way of geography or of arithmetic, but from some books of moral ideas and high purpose that may have fallen into your hands. You studied very hard at the problems of your earliest science ; and yet you remember best, and are most affected by, those lessons, perhaps, in the old reader, which came through poets and naturalists when they wrote "The Vision of Mirza"—where the human family were passing over the bridge of three score and ten arches—and "The Blind Preacher," and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and "Where Shall the Soul Find Rest?" And as the mind and heart of early youth seem so easily attracted to these forms of thought, it appears to me that the earliest science that should be placed in his hands is the science of morals. There is no better place for practice than at school. The principles of justice can have no finer field for culture than the school-room and the school-yard. I think it should be early taught that if English Grammar means "speaking and writing the English language correctly and with propriety," it

means not only correctly in form, but in spirit ; and that he is the dunce in grammar who cannot tell the truth. We can never lay aside the fact that the value of all these forces of knowledge is not in themselves. The value of reading, or writing, or speaking, is wholly dependent upon what the learner is destined to read, or to write, or to say. A railway is not necessarily valuable : its value depends wholly upon the quality of men it is to carry and the honorableness of the message upon which they are journeying. And so with the great roadway of education : it is finally valuable in the character of the travellers it sends marching up into the world's arena ; and we think this thought should have a place in the earliest plan. You see we are back again at our introductory thought, that there can be no perfect education without a perfect ideal. We must therefore stay to study the "why" as well as the "how." If our youth have more of grammar and arithmetic than of integrity ; if they can speak three languages easier than tell the truth in one ; if they understand electricity and galvanism, and oxygen and hydrogen, but do not know the awful chemistry of a lie, we may rest assured that our ideal has been well wrought out, but it has been low and one-sided, and needs a correction before we start again.

It seems to me that it would be a helpful form of

instruction if there could be opened up a study of biography ; if the lives of certain of the world's best men were written in such shape as to put the elements of a noble character before our rising youth. I admit that if our lovely Bible were made a textbook, the difficulty would be pretty easily met, and the noble lives of Abraham and Isaac and Moses, and Peter and John and Paul, would fill up this idea to its full. For, after all the varied efforts of my mind to accept some other position on this question, I confess I am bound to plead for the Bible in our schools. Why teach Solon and not Moses, Æsop but not Solomon, Aristotle but not Job, Cicero but not Jesus, Marcus Aurelius but not Paul? The literary merit should give it a place among the classics. Why should its religious character exclude it? Greek and Latin authors are not excluded on that account. The Bible is not sectarian, not so much so as Homer, or Lucretius, or Socrates. All orators, poets, philosophers, musicians, governments, receive their most majestic good from Bible instruction—why should our students be denied it?

But, in the absence of a united thought and practice on the Bible question in the schools, we might have prepared, without prejudice of creed or nationality, a branch of study in lives to stimulate youthful inquirers, to find the secrets of a successful career.

It would be just as easy for them to learn and to remember what elements of character produced a Bunyan or a Bradburn, a Clay or a Burritt, a Washington or a Peabody, a Garfield or an Egerton Ryerson, as it would be for them to learn and remember what simple elements unite to form air and water, or in what way to ascertain how long it would take a pointer to overtake a hare if the spring of each was so much, and the poor fugitive had such and such a start. It is a beautiful and surprising thing to get an answer to a sum in arithmetic, or a problem in geometry ; but it is a more useful and a more beautiful exercise to study the life of a great and good man, and mark how he got the answer out of this life ; how he covered all its years with his patient figurings, and when, at last, he turned up his slate to the face of the Master, received from Him the simple but satisfactory word : " Right ! "

I have but one thought more to mention before I close. The increase of knowledge glorifies God to us. All truth is God's, and must reveal His work and will to the reverent seeker. It has been written, and is often quoted : " The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." And it is true ; but to whom ? To whom ? Not to the insensate and ignorant one, who knows nothing of that spotted canopy above save that which its

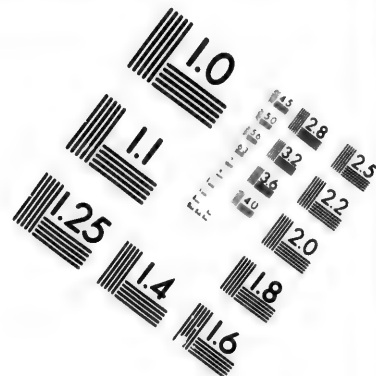
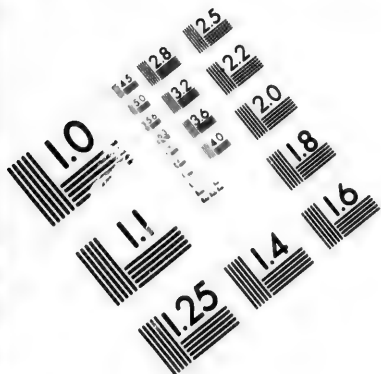
apparent surface shows as yellow peas upon an inverted sea, but to him who has telescoped the distant areas, and told the measureless orbits, and the massive worlds that swing in the balance of the Almighty hand. What is the sun to him who sees nothing but a blinking dazzle, and thinks not of the One whose voice spake from immensity, saying, "Let there be light"? It tells him no story of God's handiwork. But the Truth comes and says: "Look again, and wonder and praise; that sun not only sends its light of joy through every cottage and palace and every living stream to every living thing, but it stirs the seeds in the precious springtime to germinate and emerge in various forms; it paints the fields with countless blossoms, clothes the forests with their gorgeous vesture, bestuds the mossy dell with its modest violets, and calls forth at its appearance the song of a thousand birds." And now he is lost in wonder and in praise. So, likewise, the study of all other phenomena of God's creative skill, be it in the region of the physical, mental, or spiritual world, will bring to us much wider and deeper and higher views of His government and will concerning His creatures, created in such a series of ascending honors. Everywhere He excites us to progress by the promise, "To him that overcometh" will I give some marvellous advancement. And the "overcoming" never seems to cease.

Each day there are new lessons for ardent students. It is only the dunce that is kept long at the same page. It is particularly essential that, in such times as ours, all—even the men and women of middle life—should continue or resume a daily communion with the growing wisdom of the age; for the world, when it takes hold of the angel's hand, moves along so rapidly that the lessons we learned when young must be unlearned or revised, that they may be once more true and fresh and inspiring. If the history of the past tells us that the world advances by the thought and toil of its ardent students of the works and will of God, it must still be true that the method of study and thought and careful obedience shall be the only way to reach the distant, yet coming, age of conquest. I see it sometimes, in my vision, very near. I see the astronomer teaching his science to all the children, so that we all shall know the constellations and call the stars by name. I see the botanist teaching the same children the anatomy of the flower and leaf and blade; and after the anatomy is learned will come the healing art, so that the bruised reed we need not break, but shall know how to bind up and heal. I see the lawyer teaching the political philosophies to the multitude, so that all shall know how to rule and be ruled for the public good. I see the inventor and discoverer bringing in all the forces to our con-

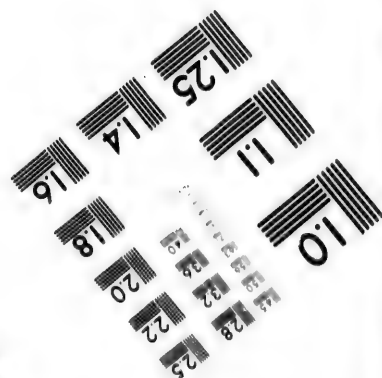
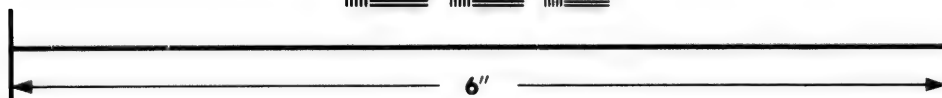
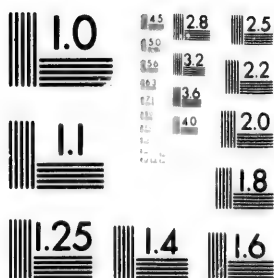
trol, so that we shall hold the winds in our fists and the waters in the hollow of our hands. I see the zoologist bringing all the wild animals to our feet, no longer glaring with vengeance against the human oppressor, but crouching in loving submission before their acknowledged master and friend. I see the moralist, having taught honor and integrity among the sons of men, leading humanity away from prisons and penitentiaries to fields of honest and honorable toil and friendship. The vision becomes real. The world has no distances, for the isles have come together by the new forms of speech that can reach over mountain or under sea. Man has learned his universal brotherhood, and war has recast its instruments of enmity into implements of industry. The missionary has returned from his distant shores of labor for God, and brought the "heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." The world joins together in song around one common Name—the Name at which "every knee should bow, and every tongue confess" as Lord in earth as well as Lord in heaven.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet  
Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch ;  
Nor can the wonders it records be sung  
To meaner music and not suffer loss.  
But when a poet, or when one like me,





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Happy to rove among poetic flowers,  
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last  
On some fair theme—some theme divinely fair—  
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels  
To give it praise proportioned to its worth,  
That—arduous as he deems the labor—not  
To attempt it were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,  
Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,  
Though in but distant prospect, and not feel  
His soul refreshed with foretastes of the joy?  
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
And clothe all climes with beauty : the reproach  
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
Laughs with abundance, and the land, once lean,  
Or fertile in its own disgrace,  
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.  
The various seasons woven into one,  
And that one season an eternal spring.  
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
For there is none to covet—all are full.  
The lion and the leopard and the bear  
Grazed with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
Together, or gambol in the shade  
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.  
Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,  
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,  
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.

All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
One Lord—one Father. Error has no place :  
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;  
The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart  
No passion touches a discordant string,  
But all is harmony and love. Disease  
Is not ; the pure and uncontaminate blood  
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
One song employs all nations, and all cry :  
“ Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us ! ”  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy,  
Till, nation after nation taught the strain.  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.  
Behold the measure of the promise filled !  
See Salem built, the labor of a God !  
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;  
All kingdoms, and all princes of the earth  
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy  
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;  
The looms of Ormus and the mines of Ind,  
And Saba's spicy groves pay tribute there.  
Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,  
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts  
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
Kneels with the native of the farthest West,  
And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand  
And worships. Her report has travelled forth

Into all lands. From every clime they come  
To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,  
O Zion ! an assembly such as earth  
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see !

This is the great "Why" of all Education.

## Kirjath-Sepher.

I READ the query in many of your faces: "What is the meaning of this title?" I see a pride of satisfaction in a few others. You know it as well as the speaker. It is really but of recent date that a satisfactory answer could be had. There was no one prepared with any authority to give one.

You know how that some of us have had for the Bible a very sacred place in our estimate and in our heart. You know, too, how confused we have felt when wise students, whose word we could not well gainsay, have told us of certain historic facts which seemed at times to make the foundation of our faith a feeble thing. They have made us to see and feel how difficult a matter it would be for such writings to have been provided and preserved upon paper, so many thousands of years ago, to be handed down from generation to generation, to be copied by scribe after scribe of imperfect skill, and subjected to changes and interpolations innumerable. And by these, and many other such influences, we have been crowded to one or other of two conclusions:

We clung to the old Book with an almost fonder clasp. Those very difficulties led us to feel that there was a greater need for Divine inspiration and providential oversight, and we recognized that provision. We grew to feel, also, that not so much in its historic credibility as in its supernatural authority lay its claim for our reverence and our submission. Either this or its grasp of authority over us became loosened. We reasoned on the facts as they were set before us. As a consequence, we felt hardly justified in accepting its records as more than traditional in their value, and as related to only a small portion of our race, holding now a very minor place as factors in advancing civilization. It seemed rather a difficult matter for some fervent souls to sing with David, "How firm are our foundations!" and when they compared their final triumph with that of Paul, they said: "I know I have 'fought a good fight.' I cannot say so buoyantly I have 'kept the faith.'"

For over three thousand years it might almost be said that the Bible stood alone as the record of historical beginnings and the origin of the race. There were no contemporary records of any reliability by which either to confirm or to criticize the story of the Pentateuch, on which all the rest is so essentially dependent for its testimony. But now, quite suddenly we might say, a new light has come to us. It is of

that light which is "sown for the righteous." It was buried away for the future need, like the coal beds and the minerals which the requirements of our new civilization demand for the formulation of their sublime conceptions.

Just now—*i.e.*, during my short life-time—when good men's minds were beginning to be seriously disturbed about the authenticity of the Old Testament, there has been brought to our view from cities buried in Egyptian sands—the only place where such records could be kept so long—a series of contemporary writings which can be put beside our Bible narratives to test their integrity and compare their mutual witnesses to the truth.

Just about twelve years ago, an old Egyptian city, tired of being so long unrecognized, by some means unknown to us determined upon a resurrection. Mr. Wallace Buck took an interest in the old Rip Van Winkle, and interested the learned Professor Petrie in rightly placing the recovered among the cherished histories of the past. In its reinstatement it was found to possess literary records of great value. It contained a large department which to-day we would call a library. Its books were tablets of clay, which had retained their records most perfectly because of thousands of years of burial under the desert sands.

It is in these very modern discoveries that we find



a reliable meaning for the title of our lecture. Less than a century ago, one of our very able writers and Bible commentators declared that there could be no doubt but the term "Kirjath-Sepher" meant, literally, the "City of Books"; but just what that could really signify it was hard to determine. It may have been a kind of registration office, where certain documents of importance were kept for safety, and for this reason it would be a well-guarded place, as seen with us to-day. But we have out-grown such conjecture now. We have a "City of Books"—a real one of three thousand years ago. And so we can learn some lessons which could not come to us with such force of authority at any previous season in human history.

Back in those years when the Tel-el-Amarna tablets were written and stored away, another narrative was recorded which is familiar to us all to-day, because it has not been buried, but circulated and protected by a supernatural hand. And now we perceive that, by a more natural method, other writings have been kept undisturbed by any interpolater or any errors of transcription; kept to be brought forth in due season, in the fulness of time, to bear their witness to the wisdom and the power of Him who rules in heaven and in earth—in mind and matter; in Spirit life as well as in the life of forms; in Nature as well as beyond her circuit.

By the divinely-circulated narrative we long ago began to learn that the Heavenly Father had set about the work of human redemption. That redemption was one of the spirit from the bondage of the flesh. We know how He chose out a people for that purpose, and appointed a land which was to be theirs by spiritual inheritance. We remember that, after a sojourn in a land of material prosperity, He led them into a wilderness where they could have no surroundings of material wealth, that by a culture of mind and heart they should go up into a land whose cities they builded not, and vineyards they planted not, and wells they digged not, and olive trees they cultivated not. We also know that, of all those who left the Egypt land for this inheritance, only two went up into it. We know that the reason given for this was a spiritual one. Out of all the individuals fed on the same food, led by the same path, compassed by the same mercies, and taught the same lessons, the harvest was two. With these He brought into the land a new people, born in the wilderness—born in the shame of their parents, but heirs of the promised reward.

We further remember that when the land was being apportioned by Joshua and Caleb—the faithful two—that Caleb said to Joshua: “You know how this day I am eighty-five years old, yet hath the

Lord kept me alive these forty-five years, and I am as strong this day as when I said: We are able to go up, and though the tall sons of Anak are there, and the cities are high and fenced up, yet the Lord is with us, and they shall surely be ours. Now, therefore, give unto me the land of the giants, and of the fenced-up cities, and I will prove my own words of that distant day, and fear not that they shall be ours, according as I spake in the name of the Lord." And so the difficult places fell to the lot of Caleb to capture.

But there was one city before which even the courage of Caleb seemed to stand bewildered. A proclamation went forth from him announcing that to him who would smite the city of Kirjath-Sepher and take it, he would give his daughter Achsah to wife. It is then said that "Othniel, the son of Kenaz, brother of Caleb, took it."

Our recent discoveries have made it clear that this Kirjath-Sepher was a city of literary wealth. Its value as such, even in that distant day, placed it before God's disciples as the most difficult of all achievements to capture. It was not a mine of gold. It was not a place of Babylonish garments of costly worth. To the ordinary soldier it would have no attractions. Its name clearly indicated its form of worth. Its importance, therefore, placed it in the

front of their formidable tasks ; and a special reward, not of material valuation, was associated with its capture.

If, as Paul afterwards wrote, "All these are an allegory," if these historic facts were pregnant with a higher meaning, we must see that this event was a very prominent factor in that scheme of redemption which is to reverse the estimate of man from material worth to spiritual treasure. We must see that the capture of the "City of Books" must be looked upon as the most difficult of accomplishment, and is accompanied with the most precious rewards.

Leaving now the details of the ancient story, to resume them a little later on, let us rise from the allegorical to the real—from the historic facts to the truth which gave them their infinite and eternal import.

The "City of Books," and who will capture it? That the figure may be impressive, get the city idea before your vision. What a mass of moulded and fashioned wealth stands out before you! And what a wealth of importation and aggregation comes to view on each day! Foods of every kind, to meet the untold variety of God-given capacity in the body's life and pleasure; clothing of every describable fashion of form and color, and shade and ornamentation ; fellowship of every kith and kin ; amusements for every shape of

calling after rest and recreation; worship, for the displacement of the great variation, and the revelation of a unity at the feet of One in whose image all find a brotherhood. A wide wealth, which wakes a wonderment almost wearisome to our thought, is that of a city, as we view it from its incessant activity in the material pursuit.

But there is a city within the city. It is a "City of Books." To the careless pilgrim it is a buried city. To those who would see its treasures and feel its work of worth it must be exhumed from its silent repose.

You can, to some degree, imagine the awful weight of solemn silence which one would feel standing for the first time in the library of Tel-el-Amarna, surrounded by the crystallized voices of the souls which made the history of those long departed years. But just as still and peaceful is the "City of Books" to-day when first you enter its courts. It seems as quiet as the grave, as tranquil as the heaven with all the silent stars so distant and yet so near. But all have learned in our day that this is a city we must storm and capture. Should we decide upon an inspection of this "City of Books," it would take more time than we have at our disposal at this hour. A brief glance will sufficiently interest us never to rest satisfied without a wider and richer acquaintance.

Entering into one ward of this city, we see unrolled before us the whole garden of our beautiful earth. Its lakes and seas, its mountains and valleys, its fruits and flowers, its cities and towns, with all its modes of travel from place to place, are before us. Distance has gone. Space, like time, has been overcome, captured by the outreach of man's conquering arm. The world, as known to the ancients, had a small place upon our map. The world, as known to the inhabitants to-day, has a wide and rich interpretation.

In another ward of the "City of Books" we have opened up to us the mystic science of numbers, and the great law of relations between all things among which we move. Here we learn the art of computation, by which we make all our measurements of time and space. Here we learn the wonderful and fascinating truth that God counts in our figures. I remember when I first discovered in this avenue of the city the charm of the numerical series: 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, etc. It regulates the beauty of the mosses in their formation. It orders the arrangement of the scales around the cone, and the leaves about the plants. This, and other definite series, after operating at our feet in earthly forms, appear in the heavenly bodies through their spheres. And thus we are brought to see the unity of the great whole, and its relation to that one Mind in whose image our own

is made. It is the extension of this avenue which leads us into the park of astronomy, where, in restful repose, the other worlds descend to us and tell us they are like our own, and governed by similar laws; and they make us feel that we are not a lone world, but one of a familyhood of worlds, loved and ordered and guided by an Infinite wisdom and skill, which we may share and enjoy.

When we turn our steps into another ward of the "City of Books" we see it populated, as it seems, with moving figures in great and various array. The sign-post says, "History Department." "History" is a contraction for "his story"; and surely everything is here pertaining to the story of man. It all unrolls before us, and we may stay the roll at such places as we desire to bide awhile.

Here, in this arbor of the "City of Books," we can sit and see the pyramids being builded. We can hear the shouting of the armies of Alexander, and we can feel the very ground shake beneath the march of Xerxes and Leonidas. We behold the pomp of ancient kings, and see the triumphal processions filing past. Here we may look upon the burning cities, and see the captives dragged at the wheels of the conqueror's chariot. Then we may press a little farther back, and rest in the silence which surrounds the Syrian plains. Here we can see Abraham sitting

in his tent door at Mamre, and look upon Hagar and Ishmael wandering out into the desert. Here we can watch Isaac meditating in the fields, and Rebekah sitting on the curbstone of the well. We can see the vision of the slumbering Jacob, and hear the prayer of thanksgiving with which he erects his morning altar. Wonderful department, this, in the "City of Books"! Brawling centuries of blood and war, and centuries so quiet we can hear the bleating of Abraham's sheep and the tinkling bells of Rebekah's camels :—

" Man's story of all actions past,  
The bad, and good, and grand."

In another department of this mystic city, where the unseen ghosts rehearse their own story, there is seen what, to the untutored, is surely but a scrawl. It consists of a few straight lines with dots and tails to them, as if it were, perchance, a picture of a pond of playful polywogs. But here a thousand men and women sit and read it off in varied tones, and we are told it is the language spoken by one Handel, the expression of his conception of the world's Messiah. Many other similar curios of this spotted paper are thus deciphered here, for it is the retreat of the Muses, and is called by some the Conservatory of Music. Here are discerned the choicest of the whole world's



songs, and here are interpreted and reproduced the sweetest sounds to which the hearts of mankind have given utterance.

There can be no nobler society for our young men and women than that which is met in the "City of Books." Here you may freely chat with Milton and Shakespeare and Bacon, and you can have Macaulay, and Browning, Dickens and Scott, Holmes and Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier, at your round table. Our young ladies will here be greeted and welcomed by Mrs. Browning and Miss Havergal, Elizabeth Phelps and Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Alden and Annie Swan, Arabella Buckley and Florence Kingsley—a beautiful fellowship for our coming women of this women's dispensation.

I am already conscious that you perceive my dilemma in undertaking to pilot you through the area of this great metropolis of good. You are convinced that time would fail me to complete in one brief hour this delightful sojourn with the noblest souls through the most sublime and enchanting regions. Science, art, literature, philosophy, religion, all that man has thought, and all that man has done, all that has been purchased with the suffering of a hundred generations, is treasured in the "City of Books." Here, among realities, in a most substantial world, we move with the uncrowned kings of thought ;

here our minds have a free range and our hearts a free expression ; here we seem to live together on equal and friendly terms ; here no special divinity hedges up a king, and no accident of rank or fashion dares to ennoble a dunce or to shield a knave ; here we can choose our companionship and fasten our friendships with the most richly blessed of the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

If I have stirred up your interest enough in our Kirjath-Seppher of to-day, I must hurry up with my proclamation and ask, Who is going to capture this city, high as it is, and "walled up to heaven"? It is no holiday play, but the work of a courageous spirit, full of an outlook which a hero's faith always proscribes. Indeed, to make a practical parenthesis here, have you ever really known what it is to storm and capture one book? A book is quite a citadel to overcome and to appropriate. It is the repository of some treasure. I remember what Ruskin says of a book: "It is not written merely to multiply the author's voice, nor yet to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one else has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it ; he is bound to say it clearly and melodiously if he may, clearly at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to

be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ; this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on the rock, if he could ; saying, ' This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, and loved and hated, as the others. My life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw and knew ; this, if anything at all of mine, is worth your memory.' That is his writing. In his small human way, and with what of true inspiration is in him, that is his portion of Scripture. That is a book."

Did you ever write a review of a book—I mean an honest one—after a faithful reading of it? I remember my first. It was assigned to me as my contribution to a literary programme in one of our League evenings. I was ashamed to own I had never done such a thing ; and, although I offered to substitute some other contribution, I was compelled to present a "review."

The previous month, a High School master had given a review on one of his text-books, with which he was very familiar. It seemed easy enough ; but when I began to think of doing it, I felt as if I had to storm and take a city, sure enough. I did not dare to tackle a big one, but, beginning at a small one, I learned the size of a book as never before.

I have half a mind to ask you to listen to my first review. You will then be able to judge of my ability to capture any great portion of the "City of Books":

"The last review and criticism which you heard was upon a work that pertained to scholarship. It is seldom reached by the ordinary school-boy, and is scarcely known to the most of our parents to-day. It was a famous book, on the 'Elements of Euclid.'

"The book which is now before me is one which reaches a wider sphere of usefulness, and seems destined still to have a large place in constructing the character and quality of the human race. Most of our ancestry have studied its pages, and to-day our children are early set to discuss its problems. Like the 'Elements of Euclid,' it has been translated into many languages and has been spoken in many tongues. It surpasses the former in the fact that its problems are sublime enough to be cast into poetry, and its theorems have been set to music and song.

"This wonderfully enchanting and instructive book is entitled: 'Nursery Tales,' by the venerable 'Mother Goose.' Like many of earth's genii, the place and time of birth of our author have been variously accepted. In fact, she seems to have come to us like Melchisedek and Elijah of old, 'without father and without mother,' and yet, like both of them, has borne all the marks of a human kinship. Her knowledge

of human nature and its aspirations is wonderfully displayed in the volume under review. There is scarcely another poet who has secured such unremitting appreciation of his rhymes. Among the other authors we have our favorites, but Mother Goose captures and entertains all who hear or read her works.

“Though the scenes which related to our author’s early history are hidden from us, there are some facts, very interesting, which are found in her autobiography, which give us an idea of her exalted habits of life. It is there written :

‘ Mother Goose had a house,  
’Twas built in a wood,  
Where an owl at the door  
For sentinel stood.’

This is an indication that she was quite domesticated, and seems also to have had the power of domesticating her companions of the wood. This is as it should be. Mankind should never have lost control of the beasts and birds and fishes that share with him the joys of this earthly existence. A friendly relation was intended by their Creator to exist between them, and they were all designed to do the bidding of man’s will and serve the interests of his life. Many of the animals possess qualities not given to man,

but they are possessed for man's sake. Their swift-ness of foot, fleetness of wing, and power of endurance are all for the service of man. This is better than that man should be furnished with all these qualities in himself. The acquisition of this friendly service on the part of our heroine is illustrated in the description given of her general mode of travel :

‘ Old Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air on  
A very fine gander.’

“ The variety of theme which has been taken up by this versatile writer is an indication of her extensive education and unbounded observation. That pathos which is a strong factor in the successful poet manifests itself in the touching story of ‘ Ding dong, bell ! Pussy’s in the well ! ’ and also in the affecting narrative of the two young people, climbing the steep ascent to procure a supply of water from the spring upon the hill top, losing their footing and being precipitated to the bottom with injurious consequences to one in the fracture of his skull :

‘ Jack fell down and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.’

“ Poets are not always practical in their effusions, but our author has made an uncommon hit in this

valuable respect. Her description of the perfect suitability of husband and wife toward each other, as illustrated in the tale of Mr. and Mrs. Spratt, should help all young people toward a wise choice in this crisis hour of human judgment. By a wise selection, Mr. Spratt, who could not digest any of the oleaginous properties of the meat, secured a partner for life who must eschew all other portions, and so it is declared that Mr. Spratt, 'who ate no fat,' secured as Mrs. Spratt one who 'could eat no lean,' and thus the blissful result was attained that, between them both, they 'licked the platter clean.' The advantage to Mr. Spratt is seen in the item of domestic economy. The benefit to Mrs. Spratt appears in the saving of unpleasant labor, as the licking of the platter clean did away with that *bête noir* of all house-keepers, the washing of dishes.

"A wise caution against the neglect of duties is beautifully allegorized in the poem of 'Little Boy Blue.' It opens with a ringing appeal for the blowing of the horn, then follows with an animated description of the 'cows in the meadow and sheep in the corn.' Then, shifting the scene, a quiet picture is shown of the little boy lying asleep under the haystack, while all the havoc of cows and sheep goes on undisturbed.

"Few of us there are but have become affected over the popular and charming ballad :

'Little Bo-Peep lost his sheep,  
And couldn't tell where to find them.'

"Such is the richness of its suggestive power that we know a minister of the Gospel who preached a sermon on it to an illiterate crowd, who only seemed to know a few of Mother Goose's rhymes. The sermon told the hearers of the 'lost sheep of the house of Israel,' and pointed them to the Good Shepherd, who never slumbered or slept, but had always a ready hand and an attentive ear.

"The majority of these wonderful poems are an appeal to love of victory in man. It is the humiliation of man to suffer defeat. 'Man is born to rule,' someone says, and Mother Goose makes a continuous appeal to this 'excelsior' element in man.

"One of the most appreciated of these fancies is the vivid description of marvellous achievement shown in the favorite lyric :

'Hi diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle.'

"Here the cat has mastered the mysteries of the violin, and has become a rival of Ole Bull and Paganini. Then the cow is represented as jumping



over the moon. Doubtless, the reality in this case was the reflection of the moon in a small pool of water, in which the long humiliated but ambitious cow sees now a chance for victory. She grasps the situation as a foretaste of heaven, and jumps to and fro over moon and stars beneath her feet. 'The little dog laughs to see such sport,' and righteously so, too!—rejoicing with those who rejoice. It is always a cause for joy to behold victory, especially the victory of the animate over the inanimate, the 'survival of the fittest.' Then 'the dish runs away with the spoon.' For a long time the spoon had been in the habit of robbing the dish and running away with its contents. But now the dish's day has come, and she is seen 'running away with the spoon.' It is a lesson we all must learn: 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.' The oppressor shall be oppressed. The tables will turn, and victory shall come to replace defeat.

"Our limit for a book review is already passed. We must add our unstinted praise to this interesting and instructive volume. Mother Goose has won a place in the heart of humanity which no other can fill. Her work has passed through many thousand editions. A large order is now being shipped to all parts of the world. The best artists have been employed in the illustration of these themes, and the

musicians have made 'notes' payable to the order of Mother Goose. She has 'feathered her nest' very comfortably for her old age, which, we hope, she will find peaceful—a fitting reward for the lullabies with which she has long sung earth's little ones to sleep."

That was my first book review. I am conscious now that nothing but the persuasions of a young lady who had charge of that evening's programme would have prevailed on me to undertake the task. But, under such pressure, the attack was made and the citadel won. I hope that my little effort may stimulate many of you to try and reproduce the impressions made upon your mind while reading ever so simple a book. It will make both the book and yourself more interesting as the subject of meditation and reflection.

Let us now go back to the history and look at the model of man who "takes" this city of Kirjath-Sepher. "Othniel, son of Kenaz, the brother of Caleb, took it."

Not much is recorded of Othniel. What is declared, however, shows the spirit that was in him; and that is what we care to know about any one. He heard the proclamation. He knew that city must be smitten. He knew there must be a possibility where there was a righteous demand. He had the "spirit" to think it might be his calling. Othniel was of good stock. He was born of a good spirit. His big brother had

brought chivalry and honor into the family by the spirit he had shown at Kadesh-Barnea.

God's promise to Caleb was : "Him will I bring into the land, and his seed shall possess it." Not his seed in the flesh—Caleb stood for spirit. His seed possess it? Yes ; his seed in the spirit—they who had imbibed his spirit. That is the seed a man of spirit delights in. That is really the only complement to a man's spirit. Othniel was a young brother, born in the wilderness. He was fired with the spirit of Caleb. But even Caleb seemed to divine that there would be some extraordinary impulse required to create an interest in that city. The form of its wealth had no attraction for the most of them. They could not estimate the value of a city of books. They could not see what acquisition it would be to the wealth of a people. A new factor was therefore introduced : a woman, Achsah, the beautiful daughter of Caleb, is brought into the covenant. She shall be the wife of the conqueror.

We may easily picture the brave-spirited young Othniel seeking out the prize offered with this formidable task. He must know how precious a prize this would be. If she were repulsive it would mitigate, rather than inspire, his ardor. The sequel shows us, however, that the prize was a most precious one. It reveals her interest in the undertaking, and in the

spirit of him who would undertake it. They were of one spirit—of one heart. Love lent it almighty power, and the task was already performed. Othniel was the man. He took the city, and then he took the beautiful Achsah to wife.

I want to introduce her to you now. She was a young woman of wonderful foresight. In that respect she was born in the image of her father. Caleb had looked ahead and seen the fulfilments of his faith; and if his plans had been approved and adopted forty-five years ago, they would have been in the "land" instead of in the "desert."

To win her, Othniel, her beloved, had given himself to the sword. But they could not live by the sword; neither was there any booty in the capture of the great city; neither was their nation's life intended to be a military life. So, in her foresight, she had persuaded Othniel to ask her father to give him, along with her, a field—a piece of land—a farm on which they could live. The field secured was probably of Othniel's own choice; but it was a poor one, being "south and dry." He was too proud to choose the best, or to ask a favor at the hands of Caleb. He would prefer to earn and own.

But Achsah saw that he was, most of all, a soldier and a leader of men, brave and valiant and admirable, and useful to his nation in its hour of need; and

so it must be by her ingenuity and skill that home comforts, which he surely deserved, must be secured. Accordingly, the record says, when she was coming down to her new home with Othniel, she alighted from her beast in the presence of her father, and, looking lovingly, though not quite happily, into his face, betrayed her inward desire. Beholding this sense of her want, the father asked: "What would'st thou?" Her answer was, "Give me a blessing, for thou hast given us a south land; give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper and the nether springs.

The old man saw her earnestness to make home perfect. He saw her prudence, her wise foresight, her love of husband, her clear-cut, common-sense view of life; and so he rewarded her according to her desires.

When we come to seek for the larger truth which this incident is set to impress upon us, it will early become visible that love must come as a factor to help us to capture the "City of Books." The children of men go not there for wages, nor have they believed the saying of the sage, that "wisdom is better than silver, and knowledge than fine gold."

No crowd lined the pathway from all quarters of the globe to seek the clay tablets of the mine beneath the Egyptian sands. The sordid mass of pilgrims

seek a city of gold buried beneath the sands of the stream-beds of Klondike, or hidden in the mountains of Rossland regions. Only a heart charged with some sacred fire seeks the retreat where the Muses speak, and is made happy by the answering Voice. If one has a love for books he has a possession for which to be grateful indeed. He may rejoice and be exceeding glad; for with this attachment he can never be really poor, really friendless, really lonely: such are the resources therein for enriching and ennobling and beautifying life. Better it is to possess such a love than to inherit a kingdom; for the treasure it brings is that which money cannot buy, nor power secure. It will further be seen that only unto love will the great treasure-house yield. Wisdom says: "I love them that love me." It is only to the one who will give her the heart that Wisdom will unfold her hidden store. He, then, who goes to Wisdom's gates with only the mean motive of material gain can never find the spiritual treasure. No seeker at the doors of music, or literature, or science, or history, or religion, whose end is mercenary, finds ever the truth of any of these writings. He may have their heiroglyphics, but he will need a lover to interpret them.

It was this which long ago made the difference between a profession and a trade. The one was

pursued for love, and involved the laying down, if need be, of the life. The other was a work for wage, and needed no other impulse to perform it.

When the treasures which an early love acquired in fairness from the "City of Books" descend in such a heart to only a financial value, and are traded off at a money ratio, it evidences that the trader is cast out of the city, and is playing the part of a mendicant princess selling her garments of faded royalty for the dust of gold. It is a very great calamity when, perforce of any need, such humiliation must be borne. It is a great pity that this truth is not better estimated. Too often has the truth-lover lost heart because there was no one nigh to furnish food and clothing to the seeker after pearls of the greater price.

Now, it is just here that the policy "written aforetime for our learning" in the life of the loving Achsah sheds its valuable lesson. She is wise to know that her Othniel cannot be the conqueror of Kirjath-Sepher and a wage-winner, whose thoughts must be upon his home and bread. So she demands, in love, from her father the governor, that Othniel be provided a well-watered homestead for his consecration to the public in capturing for them the "City of Books."

When, therefore, we find that consecrated souls are given up to the search for truth, and love the courts and gates of Wisdom, and watch at her posts and

doors to find and give the treasure to the world, let us consider that any one who would seek to wed a soul of that sacred *timbre* must surely come, like Achsah, to share the material sacrifice with him ; or else must bring the earthly portion for him to share with her. Indeed, the latter would seem to be the prophetic and ideal method taught in the historic allegory. And, moreover, the society custom of the older lands of entailed wealth gives emphasis to the consistency of this provision. When daughters of wealthy sires sought the hands of professional men, it was deemed a proper accompaniment that a bounty should go with the bride. This was not intended to cast any reflection upon the intrinsic worth of the lady, but to indicate that the husband's life was professional—for public well-being, and sanctified to that, so that the obligation of bread-winning was not laid upon him.

Our standard of values is not quite so high as was that of the best education and highest thought of the age less adulterated with the errors which have always followed upon a rapidly-growing democracy. A market value is recorded for all goods, and the prophet must needs be subjected to the same weigh-scales as the scavenger, until we learn the nobler rule. But there is another great good which Achsah has instigated and accomplished in this great conquest of the "City of Books."



Few, indeed, as we all well know, have been the lovers of books, during all the centuries that have rolled past in the darkness of superstition and ignorance, among the great multitude of men. Only here and there could a bookworm be found, or a heart set fondly on the literary pursuit. But our day marks an era of wonderful change in this respect. The whole landscape about Kirjath-Sepher is alive with interest. Books abound. Their leaves are thick and plenty as the leaves of forests and of the gardens of flowers. The little child sits absorbed with a book from the Sunday-school Library; the young man sits in the Public Library at the great catalogue, choosing his next draught at this fountain of pleasure; the mother reads to the little ones on Sabbath eve while the older ones have gone to the Lord's house; the traveller on the train and boat is not left to himself. I scarcely know anyone to be neglected by the good-natured newsdealer, who expects in our day more sale for books than for bananas, more call for periodicals than for pecan kernels ever so sweet and nice. And what is all this but the great Kirjath-Sepher pouring out its treasures freely as a tribute to the marriage of Othniel and Achsah? Verily, indeed, is this so. It is the Achsah in all these books which carries them to the hearts of men. It is the story that does it, the story of love—the love story.

Confess it and be thankful ! This has burst open the gates and captured the city. History, geography, botany, social economy, temperance, religion, all have been captured by Othniel and Achsah. They have come to us, laden first with one of these and then with another; and, under the spell of their presence, we have learned the value of the gift they have brought.

What we call the "novel" has been the story of Othniel and Achsah capturing the "City of Books" and distributing its treasures in their own name. Truly enough, the fascinating power of the story of love has been used to promulgate error as well as truth, for error has found its place in the "City of Books" from the more conscientious, as well as the baser, forms of human thought and deed. But this is an imminent danger. It belongs to all wider possession of power and opportunity. The best gifts of God may be misapplied ; and so the sentimental tale has been, at times, pernicious. It is clear to the vision of the seer that the knowledge of the future will fly on the wings of love, and the old motto we never loved shall be taken down. That "there is no royal road to learning," we will not believe again.

There is a royal road. It is the triumphal pathway of Othniel and Achsah. Love's mighty impulse will strengthen every energy, and reward every effort with its own approval. This is sufficient for to-day's

toiler as he secures the treasures of Kijath-Sepher—treasures which have become so well approved and so wisely applied that their worth becomes appreciable as the years of promise fade into the age of fulfilment.

Already, all read. We have now a work of guidance and of discrimination. It is the training of the offspring of our hero and heroine, who, by the covenant of love, captured the difficult city three thousand years and more ago, and sent their record forward that we might know how came the victory and whence came the treasure. But, e'er we close our pleasing study, we must perfect our search by asking one further question. We have acquired much truth of the Spirit from finding out the meaning of Kirjath-Sepher. Let us see what there is locked up in the meaning of Othniel. The students tell us that it means "God's lion." When I hear that, it strikes me strangely and sets me meditating. I then remember that he was of the tribe of Judah. And out of this fact comes new and beauteous colorings for the whole picture. Try it!

Going back once more to that little story of the early Canaan, I look at the lion—"God's lion" of the tribe of Juda—going up to break the bands of the ancient "City of Books." And my heart beats quickly, and I ask: Have I not heard of another wonderful event of lofty record closely allied to this? Then a

vision comes over the sea. It rises from among the islands of the Ægean, in the vicinity of Patmos. On the wings of the morning air there comes to me a voice—the voice of the exile there: “I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof? And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book, neither to look thereon. And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof. And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain. . . . And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne. And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood . . . And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.”

A little further on in the vision, an angel came to John saying: "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." It was the bride for the love of whom the great God gave His Son to storm the citadels and redeem from captivity the truths that make us free, and let them loose among the children of darkness to make them "light in the Lord." The story of love has done it all!

It is the love story that has given birth to the desire of man to know the wider spheres of earth, and search for his fellow in every retreat unknown. It is the love story that has aroused the interest of man in the story of the race, and made the human history a part of his own experience to-day. It is this love that has looked up with longing eyes at the starry world above, and sought to find a possible kinship there. It is this begotten love that has sung the songs of requiem or of praise that fill the air with the *miséréré* of his tears, or the *gloria* of his hope. It is this love that has sworn to make the noise of war to cease and turn all instruments of cruelty into implements of industry. It is love's storming and capture of buried truths that hasten the coming of the Bridegroom for His bride; when the marriage of the "Lion of the tribe of Juda," who is the "Lamb in the midst of the throne," shall be celebrated amid the doxologies of a redeemed world.

Until that day, my kindred, we are as pilgrims and and sojourners here, for we seek a "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," where truth shall glisten upon the gates of pearl, and nothing shall enter which maketh a lie ; in which city he that overcometh shall inherit all things, and shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb, having on the unfading wedding garments of immortality.

## Poltroons.

I THINK it was Max Müller who said that the "study of words may be tedious to the schoolboy as the breaking of stones is to the wayside laborer ; but to the thoughtful eye of the geologist these stones are full of interest. He reads chronicles on the highway, and sees miracles in every ditch."

It is verily so with words. We live among them, we use them as vehicles of our every-day thought, but seldom fathom their depths or learn their history. Wonderful has been their service to earth's children as the repositories of eternal verities, for even God the Creator hath said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

For years in my lifetime I joined with others in the occasional use of the word which stands as the subject of our present address. When a human creature must be noticed who scarce was worthy of consideration ; when one must be characterized who had forfeited all claim to be mentioned in human category, I, with others, spoke of the miserable "poltroon."

On one occasion I was led to seek the genesis of the term, and in the study found some lessons impressive, indeed, upon myself, and as I seek now to reproduce them, I find it easiest to do so after the manner of my own research.

In the Italian language we find the word *poltrone*, and in the Spanish and French the word *poltron*, both of which words find their derivation in the Latin words *pollice* and *truncato*. These tell the tale which gives us an old word for our ignominious cowards and our meanest manner of men.

In those ancient times, among the Roman and Persian youths were to be found some who deliberately cut off their own thumbs to prevent their being pressed into battle in the service of their country. Thumbless, such a one could handle neither sword, nor bow, nor spear. He was thus disqualified for such a service. In those days of military prowess and martial valor, such a one was despicable in the eyes of all the worthy ones. Suetonius tells us of a Roman knight who had cut off the thumbs of his two sons to prevent them being called to a military life, and who, by the command of the Emperor Augustus, was ordered to be sold as a slave by public auction, both he and his property. 'Twas this practice that gave us the *poltrone*—the “thumbs cut off”—



from which our own word "poltroon" has come down to us.

Going back to that thumbless youth who gave birth to this name, we are not very long in seeing the relation which he bears to our modern coward and outcast of society; for in thus exempting himself from the conflicts of his day, and the cause which demanded them, he had completely and forever debarred himself from the possible glory of any achievement. All title to heroism was forfeited, and all chance to a warrior's fame forever foregone. Greatness and valor in those days found their sphere of exercise and attainment on the field of battle; and the heroes whose names have come down to us from those times were such as had been plumed in helmets and locked up in the armor of steel; who had gripped well the bow, and swung deftly the sword, and handled with cunning the fatal spear.

But now the poor imbecile must look despairingly upon his future career. His birthright has been sold for naught, and there is to be found no possible place of repentance. He looks upon those deformed members—no longer hands—and sees that those thumbs can never be replaced; the destiny is unalterable, and the punishment eternal.

It is the meanest form of spirit possible to mankind that would make such deliberate provision for an

everlasting uselessness. Happiness is said to be the pursuit of all ; that the suicide is the only one who has given up the chase. If this be so, the highest type of human spirit is that one which finds its happiness in the welfare of the mass, and labors for that as the noblest of ends. The lowest type is that which would impoverish self to prevent being called to aid another ; and in all times this form of spirit has been called by repugnant names. Language has really toiled hard to find expressions for this form of failure. It is "selfishness," "egotism," "vanity," "self-conceit," or "sloth," or "cowardice," according to the ambitious or poor-spirited shape it assumes. It is called a disease—an infirmity. It is outside of all sympathy, and has furnished material for every wit and satirist to draw his ridicule from. How different that thought of—that love of—others, which has always walked before the human race as a goodness ! How quickly the voice changes its tone, and the tongue its speech, to speak of this attachment ! Holy names, such as "philanthropy," "humanity," "sympathy," "charity," are meted out to this quality of soul which has never been touched by any pen of abuse or satire, but has always been the theme of poet, or orator, or songster, when he would sing of the grandeur of man.

But this subject of poltroonism becomes one of great interest when we come to look into the real

significance of the act. This is seen in the marvellous significance of the thumb itself. The thumb is peculiarly a human possession. All the other parts and organs of the human body have their counterparts and corresponding offices in the lower animals ; but not so with the thumb. That little member is the point of departure, physically speaking, between the man and the beast. Its position and consequent possibilities give a clear indication that it was intended to be the accompaniment and instrument of the human brain. They are made for each other. The lofty ideas of which the brain is capable require the thumb to give them expression among the actualities of life. It is really the thumb which gives value to the hand as an instrument of such wondrous dexterity. The difference between the human and lower creatures is here seen. Animals are diversely qualified, according to their modes of life. Some are bold and fierce, others gentle and timid. Some are gregarious, and co-operate for mutual sustenance and defence ; others are solitary, and avoid the society of their fellows. But all have a peculiarity of form or body accommodated to their natural dispositions and habits. The lion has powerful fangs and claws ; the hare has swiftness of foot—in other points is defenceless. To others is given a horn, or a sting, or an instinct of peculiar cunning, as a mode of defence or self-preser-

vation. But to man, in all his variety of temper and taste, is given that which takes the place of all these. Man needs not fang, nor claw, nor horn, nor hoof, nor any other peculiar natural weapon. He has the hand to fashion and to use a more effective weapon in sword, or spear, or arrow, or gun. The natural weapons of the animals are of service only in close conflict, while those hand-made and hand-executed by man are effectual at a distance. With the hand he can clothe himself with armor, or entrench himself in forts, or fabricate means a hundredfold over all the other orders of creation. It is with this thumb-mounted instrument that man is lifted to a realm where he can cultivate for himself the vast variety of foods, and weave from the forms around him the garment that protects him from the summer's heat or the winter's cold. The human pair sally forth for a walk with feet encased in the hide of the calf, and body covered with the wool of the sheep, and ornamented with the silk of the worm, and the feathers of the bird: proud, too, of these coverings, because their appropriation is only possible by a superior power which man possesses thus to subdue all things to himself.

It is by the possession and use of this digit that he constructs the lyre and the lute, the harp and the viol, the piano and the organ; and, when constructed, tells

the world what sounds there are for the ear to hear and the heart to enjoy. It is thus that man has become the musician, and thus he has become the artist, with the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel, enriching the halls and homes of his kind with embodiments of thought, before which the minds and hearts of others are inspired to love the beautiful and good. It is in this obedient little servant he finds the maker of all the instruments he longs for when he wants to burrow the earth for special treasure, dive under the sea for treasure lost, or scale the very firmament of distant realms to analyze a flame a million miles away, and tell us what is burning ; catch a picture of a landscape in an instant ; carry the true time 2,000 miles while the excited heart beats once, or convey himself from one side of his earthly domain to the other without trespassing upon the sanctity of the Sabbath. And when he has done all these things, he is enabled to record his dreams and experiences in the poem, or in the prose writing, which become the heritage of all who watch and wait for the outflow of the pen in possession of the human hand.

In this general way the perfection of man is indicated in the wonderful possibilities of the thumb ; and, though few of us have ever studied the wonderful place given to it by the Creator of our being, there has never been a time when it did not hold, by an

unseen and unexplained law, a place of peculiar reverence among men.

Bible readers will remember how the tribe of Judah captured Adoni-bezek and cut off his thumbs and great toes, and how he boasted that he had thus humiliated threescore and ten kings, and made them to "gather their meat under his table." This is, doubtless, a proverbial mode of expression to signify that they were reduced to the level of dogs that pick up the crumbs under the table. The glories of the human privilege had been taken from them. They could neither fight nor run, nor sow, nor reap, nor work at useful industry. In the cutting off of thumbs they were unmanned.

They will also see somewhat of the importance which characterized the consecration of the thumb of Aaron and his sons as the high priests of God's people. It was a part of the ceremony of installation that the blood of a lamb, slain for the purpose, should be put upon the thumb of the right hand and the great toe of the right foot. This was not simply a consecration to God of the most important finger of the most active and useful hand, but it was truly as the representative part of man's body, which raised him above the animals, and brought out most distinctly the image of God.

This is elaborately endorsed and illustrated by the

free use of anthropomorphic language on this particular line. There is no expression so frequent in Scripture phraseology as the "hand of the Lord"; and the uses of that hand all refer to such acts and such powers as involve the use of the thumb—"Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span." The span was the ancient mode of measurement, and is still the modern, where no figured rule is at hand. And when we span it is by a significant use of the thumb, the loss of which would entirely rob us of our useful method of computation.

And the "hollow of his hand," that place which the poet makes our place of refuge! There could be no hollow of the hand without a thumb. It is separated from the other four fingers, and made quite distinct from them, and placed, as it were, in opposition to them. This is to fit the hand for holding things, as well as for making things. And all these wise arrangements, seen in ourselves, are represented as existing in God. And in the midst of this declared "likeness," it is not said that God is spoken of in the image of man, but that man was "made in the image of God."

I have referred to a prevailing sentiment of all times, that the thumb was an extraordinary member, and had some sacred character associated with it. It

is quite true that, among the earliest devotees of Christianity, the top joint of the right thumb was dedicated to God, and the top joint of the left thumb to Christ, while the other joints of right and left thumbs were dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and the rest of the fingers to the Apostles.

Moreover, we learn that it was a custom of Oriental kings to covenant with each other by joining right hands, tying thumbs together, and tightening them into a knot. Then, when the blood was forced to the thumb ends, they drew it by a slight puncture, and each in turn licked it. This they regarded as a Divine covenant, made sacred by mutual blood of each. They thus also became blood-brothers, and such was deemed more binding than any birth relationship. This was, indeed, a sort of marriage of men ; for the custom used in the marriage of man and wife was much similar. The thumbs of the bride and bridegroom were bound together, and the wedding-ring was worn first upon the thumb, and was only changed therefrom by a supposition gaining prevalence that a vein of blood ran directly from the heart to the fourth finger, and there the ring would come in direct contact with the centre and seat of life. Any one visiting the old cathedrals of Hereford and York and Salisbury will find that in the missals, or liturgies, the ring is directed to be put first upon the



thumb, before being finally placed upon the fourth finger, as it is now generally worn.

I think that sufficient has been said to show how man's perfection in nature is indicated in the possibilities of the thumb, and how it has always, therefore, been a member of peculiar reverence and attention before God and men.

It will be interesting to study, for a few minutes, how the thumb declares a man's personality or individuality, as one among so many of his kind. Literally it contains a peculiar significance here. If you will turn up your thumb to the light and examine its surface closely, you will find a number of little rings or ridges, with furrows between, arranged with nice regularity one above the other. If your soiled thumbs handle a piece of clean paper or glass, you will certainly leave your mark upon it therewith. I said your mark, and I said the remarkable truth ; for there is no other mortal that can make the same mark. That mark remains the same in youth, in manhood, and in age. Advantage has been taken of this for various purposes of great utility. It has been used to attest the signature to legal documents. Sir William J. Herschel, when he filled the post of magistrate in the Indian Civil Service, used to demand the impression of the thumbs, besides the signatures on deeds and wills and other conveyances of property. It was

also a very ancient custom in China for the identification of prisoners.

In the American Geological Survey, Mr. Thompson paid his employees by orders on the nearest bank, which were marked with the impress of his thumb, across which mark he wrote the amount of the order.

Some of you will remember a very interesting story written by Mark Twain a couple of years ago, and entitled "Pudd'nhead Wilson." It was written on purpose to make a prominent use of this interesting feature of our personality. Two children were born in one house on the same day, one to the servant and the other to the mistress of the household. The mistress died. Both children were left in care of the servant mother. They were often taken out together in the same little baby carriage. An eccentric young lawyer, who had made some social blunder and was somewhat the creature of prejudice, through which he had received this nickname of "Pudd'nhead," was quite a student of palmistry, and had a fad for taking impressions of finger-marks upon little strips of smoked glass which he usually carried round with him. On several occasions he had taken the finger-marks of the babies, as Roxy, the mother of the one, had perambulated them about. Names and dates were written on the little slips, and the records of glass kept away in a cabinet. He was wonderfully

wrapped up in his collection of thumbographs. He had those of every man and woman of position who lived in or visited the community.

As the story goes, a great murder was committed in the town. Suspicion rested upon some newcomers who had resided a few months and lived comfortably without any visible means of support, and who had excited some jealousy in the minds of those whose friend had been murdered. Arrest was made, and a chain of circumstantial evidence seemed to weave about the prisoners (twins) a very serious net of damaging testimony, which looked toward the verdict of condemnation. But Pudd'nhead Wilson was their counsel. One thing he was sure of, that was that his prisoners were not the guilty ones. He had examined the handle of the dagger which inflicted the fatal wound, and had seen the bloody impress of the hand that drove it to the dead man's heart. The marks were there, and they certainly did not correspond with those of his clients. But where were the guilty fingers? He went over all his cabinet but found them not. One evening, when the trial was at its height, a nephew of the murdered man—one of the babes born twenty years before in his brother's house—came in to have a friendly chat with "Pudd'nhead," and, by some artifice of the latter, left his marks upon a plate prepared for the

purpose. These corresponded with those upon the dagger; but still the evidence could not be made to hold together and prove the motive for the deed, until, studying out his plates, he discovered that the babies in early infancy had been changed one day in the carriage by the nurse mother, that her child should be brought up in the wealth of her master, and his should pass out into a menial's life. The evidence was all brought forth. The Court were wondrously startled at the revelations. In his address to the jury, he is made to say: "I beg the indulgence of the Court while I make a few remarks in explanation of some evidence which I am about to introduce, and which I shall verify presently under oath on the witness stand. Every human being carries with him, from his cradle to his grave, certain physical marks which do not change their character, and by which he can always be identified. These marks are his signature, his physiological autograph, so to speak. He cannot disguise it or hide it away, nor can it become illegible by the wear and mutations of time. This signature is not his face—age can change that beyond recognition; it is not his hair, for that can all fall out, as you know; it is not his height nor his form, for these are more than duplicated; whereas this signature is each man's very own—there is no duplicate thereof among the swarming populations of

the globe. This autograph consists of the delicate lines or corrugations with which Nature marks your hands and feet. Look upon the balls of your fingers and see the dainty, curving lines, lying close together, like those indicating the ocean borders in our maps ! See the clearly-defined shape of arches, circles, whorls, curves, which complete a special pattern there ! On no two hands are these the same, not even those of the same person, and certainly not of twins. A fellow-twin could never personate his brother with this examination."

An awful silence now prevailed in Court as the new revelations dawned upon the listeners, when, putting forth his hand, the lawyer took up the dagger by the blade, held it aloft where all could see the sinister spots upon the ivory handle ; then, solemnly, in passionless voice spake on : " Upon this haft stands the assassin's natal autograph, written in the blood of that helpless and unoffending old man, who loved you and whom you all loved. There is but one man in the whole earth whose hand can duplicate that crimson sign ; and, please God, we will produce that man in this room before the clock strikes noon."

Of course, the story gives the victory to Pudd'nhead Wilson ; and his "foolish fad" now shows itself to be both a science and an art of inestimable worth. And the lawyer preached the first extended sermon on the

words of Elihu in the book of Job : " He scaleth up the hand of every man, that all may know his mark."

In the light of these facts, we can go back to that ancient " poltroon " and weigh with more even scale the weight of calamity he had brought upon himself in cutting off his thumbs and earning the ignominious title. Born into a race with loftiest heritage, and into a people who had principles and homes to protect ; realizing his own possible worth as a servant to his country and his fellowmen, he deplores his own talents, and despises his worth to his land and his kindred ; and, rather than take his share in the responsibilities of so great a relationship, he repudiates his place among them, he discards his only qualification for service, and unmans himself in the act of unthumbing himself. For this mean act there first must be the necessary unmaning of himself in his region of thought—his brain, his mind, his spirit, must first be shorn of their manliness, of their humanity, of their love of kin. The outward disfigurement was but the sign of the inward self-degradation. Only the curses of his fellows could apply to him, for he had cursed all others and desired exclusion from them, and so his name is written off the book of human worth. He had declared : " Let human need be ever so strong, or nation's call be ever so loud ; let king or country, home or honor,

be at stake, I care not for any of these. I will not fight, I will not work, and lest I ever should think better than my present thought, I here and now forever prevent the possibility of my being any better. I ask no virtue or renown, no victory on the earth, or crown in the land men dream about some other where beyond. I judge myself, I make my verdict ; I inflict my punishment, if so you call it ; it is what I choose. The good, the useful, and the true, I will not, shall not—now I cannot—do, for off goes this and off goes that. Now, call to duty as you may, I am without your call, and far beyond the power to do your will, whatever right you claim, because, forsooth, you think I am a man like you !”

We have no words repugnant enough in themselves to utter in dismissing this brutalized, dismembered, unmanned creature from our presence.

What say you if we drown his memory in the contrast which true manhood gives us in the many who are ever ready for the noble deed and the generous gift ? I need not take you to a time long distant, nor to a people or a place far distant, to furnish the material for our pleasing work.

The truth of this human heroism fills the atmosphere of our own national life to-day as we send our willing sons and brothers forth from city, town, and village, too, to join the contest for a fairness fair, and a justice

just, and a freedom which is free ; a contest waged against a selfish horde who never learned, nor ever strove to learn, the meaning of the Pauline tocsin : " And not for me only."

Our youth have gone to join with noble sons of noble sires, from the throne of royalty to the home of peasantry, who have delivered themselves over unto death for the great human sake. The hatchet of all sectional debate has been buried, a broad ground of brotherhood taken on which they can stand forth in the fulness of human weal.

'Tis bravely said : Let only politicians wrangle and quarrel if they will ; let party disputes be settled at the ballot-box or elsewhere, by the argument of congressional or of parliamentary debate, at some convenient season ; but palsied be arm just now which is raised against our national banner, which floats only where liberty must reign and equal rights be meted out to all.

Therefore our brave boys bound at the nation's trumpet-call, and prove their words by deeds as brave. With mother's blessing sounding in their ears, with wife's hot tear still burning on the cheek, with sister's pure and holy kiss yet warm upon the lips, these gallant, high-souled, noble men, with head uncovered and perfect hand uplifted, solemnly did swear their lives away to guard the national honor and serve



their well-loved Queen—God bless her! Henceforth shall their memory be ever green. The generations yet unborn shall read over their names as the illustrious of the mortals, and the poet dream and songster sing inspiring hymns in their remembrance. Nor yet to them alone, I ween, for well 'tis known that others made the sacrifice as well as they who faced the shot and shell of battle :

“ The maid who binds her warrior’s sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles :  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e’er bedewed the field of glory !

“ The wife who girds her husband’s sword  
’Mid little ones who weep and wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder :  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e’er  
Was poured upon the field of battle !

“ The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few words brave and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,

With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on freedom's field of honor."

God bless the loyal women of our race, as well as its heroic men! When the monuments are raised hereafter to adorn the public squares, let the names of the Nightingales, and Livermores, Clara Bartons, and Lady Randolph Churchills have their places in bold relief, since there are no words in our language pure enough, bright enough, and strong enough to record deeds of dauntless and undying love wrought in the quiet of the weeping chamber, or 'neath the Red Cross banner 'mid the moanings of mortal bodies stricken in defence of national honor and human good.

In seeking to apply our study to present times, and to ask who are our modern poltroons, we find a very wide field and a very fruitful one. If we begin with the ordinary social life, we will see this poltroonism manifesting itself in various ways. Perhaps its lowest form is that which is to be found in those useless men who feign sickness and feign disability of various kinds in order to sponge upon the workers and givers for a livelihood. Should you ask them what their livelihood is for, or why it is to anyone's advantage that they should live, you would put to them a

conundrum whose only answer for them would be : " I'll give it up." You know of many such cases, and I am reminded of a fairly representative one found in one of our hospitals a short time ago; and as there was provided a cure for that one I might relate to you the incident :

The ward doctor complained that he could do nothing with his patient : " He's only shamming, I know ; the lazy rascal is too mighty well cared for to want to get up and go out."

A male servant heard the remark and said : " Doctor, if you will lend me that piece of string I saw you put in your pocket, I'll bet you you'll find no lazy nigger in that bed to-morrow morning."

" Oh, now, you don't mean to strangle him, do you ?" said the doctor.

" Leave that to me," the man answered, " I won't hurt a hair of head."

" Well, go ahead, but don't hurt him," the doctor replied.

The man went solemnly to the darkey's bedside, and, with a melancholy air, said : " Very sick, eh ?"

" Oh, yes, yes, massa," he replied, " am drebful sick nigga."

The servant made no further remark, but placed one end of the twine at the patient's head and drew it slowly, very slowly, until it reached the toes. Then

he measured him across the chest. The poor negro looked with perfect amazement and terror, and gasped, "What dis for?" The servant was quietly walking away without replying, when he raised himself in bed and begged an explanation.

The man quietly responded: "My poor fellow, you are very bad, cannot possibly recover. The doctor says he can do no more for you. I've just been measuring you for your coffin. You will be buried with honors to-morrow, as we cannot afford to keep you here when we can do you no good. It is the best way for all hands, and our usual custom here."

There was no "nigger" there in the early morning. "He was not," and no one has traced him since.

A little higher in the scale, yet only a little, are those who keep energy enough to tramp from one city to another, one town to another, one house to another, to beg their food and drink, with no purpose at all in thought of rendering any service to society for the living they have begged at its hands. These are literal poltroons, who have discarded the workshop, the field, and all places of useful toil, and have determined that they shall not try to be members of the race of thinkers and builders and makers of the greatest of objects the earth sets forth to view. They have cut off their fingers, or made

themselves temporarily blind, and sit all day at street corners playing blind man's "bluff" for the pennies of passers-by, or tie their hands underneath their shirts and sit with a tin pail hung from their neck to appeal for life's mainstay from the laborers as they pass to and fro from factory and shop, where they toil with their hands and earn their daily food and clothing by the sweat of the brow.

A little higher in the scale we can find quite a number of practically thumbless young men and women who have nothing to offer for "the good of the order" in the realm of either service or play. All the privileges of education, and of the pleasing arts, have been theirs in this day of a common heritage of such goods; but when the company gather for an evening's pleasure, there are so few to contribute to any intellectual or artistic good that some form of pleasure must be arranged for them as will demand no intellect, no education, no refinement, no civilization. In the selected company, in the lodge, in the League, in the church, are the useless, unprepared, unqualified, who will not, never would, and therefore cannot now, be of any service in the great battle of the human race for its lost dominion and glory. In every place I have ever dwelt I have found, amid my repeated efforts to arouse the human to its heritage, made possible by the revelations of truth which have come as

a light and salvation to the world—I say I have found those who refuse to possess such powers as they could and should, lest they might be called upon to exercise them for the general good. This same spirit of poltroonism is visible in those who have become possessed of such means as would place them in positions of great service to the causes of truth and righteousness—striving to hide their gifts from public view, hiding their talent in a napkin, and meriting the curse of the throne of God, who must “cast such,” as unprofitable servants, “into the outer darkness.” Outer! yes, outer!—cut off from the fellowship of those from whom they cut themselves off when they were entrusted with thumbs for the public good, and hid them away or cut them off from their possible service in human need and human achievement.

In what we might call mental or intellectual life, the poltroon appears first, perhaps, in the dunce, who cares for no ideas, and declines to pursue the only path for human ascendancy. The truant from school cuts himself off from that great vehicle of transportation which brings the passenger from barbarism to civilization, from ignorance and its eternal ills to knowledge and its everlasting spring of deepening delights; and, thus cut off from the medium of advance, he remains in the lurch, disqualified for any worthy place

among his own generation, which has moved on far before him in achievement.

And here, too, we find the mental churl who studies hard and long, it may be, but with his thumbs shut in and hidden in his tightly-fisted hand. He gathers knowledge as the miser gathers gold. He would not help his fellow-schoolmate solve a problem in his mathematics, or translate a paragraph in his Greek or Latin prose. He thinks he will be great, or rich, or happy, because he has the knowledge he has heard so praised of men. And, fool that he is, he thinks that all he imparts to others he loses from his own superiority ; hence he misers up his hoard and isolates himself by his determination to have what others may not claim, to keep it to himself, and scoff at common folly, and laugh at the uncultured crowd who seem to have a joy together in what of truth they barter with each other in toil or play.

I have a fondness for a strong personality, and I like that individuality which lifts a man above the crushing heel of conventionalism ; but I am well aware that man must be watchful of himself in every noble achievement, lest he lose himself in his effort at self-redemption from the world and its destructive spirit. That very personality which leads one to feel that he has found a world of his own above the struggle of the less thoughtful crowd, instead of

becoming a power to shape a worthy originality, becomes, at times, the weakness of eccentricity. What ought to have become genius becomes mere oddity. The danger to such a mind is that it learns to pride itself in being different from others. It learns just to like what others hate, and hate what others like. He will always speak of being "differently constituted" from most men. In this sense he is like the poltroon—his points of difference are self-induced; and they render him not helpful, but helpless, in relation to his fellows. It became an injury to Thomas Carlyle that he at last could not think as any one else thought. It was a weakness in a great nature that Charles Sumner rode so very much all alone in his carriage. All those feelings which make a man an institution all by himself are a mistake in the soul. There were other men well worth thinking with and agreeing with, had Mr. Carlyle sought them; and there were plenty of men worthy to ride with Mr. Sumner in his carriage. Had he called them to his fellowship, his vehicle of rest or pleasure might have become a chariot of fame. Cutting out the world from his society only leaves him out of the catalogue of the world's loved ones.

There is another sphere in which we may look for this unfortunate failure in life's pursuits. It is in the realm of the spiritual, where man's potentialities are sublimest, and where any loss is a grievous calamity.



He plays the poltroon's part in this sphere who, by a wilful unbelief, shuts out from himself the possibilities of a divine fellowship, with all its incomparable benefits. As the earthly poltroon cuts off his possibilities for human fellowship in toil or play, and bars his own entrance to the competition for an earthly hero's crown, so does the spiritual poltroon cut himself aloof from the golden cords let down from heaven to link the soul with the powers unseen, and lives a lower life without a spiritual testimony, or a witness of any world beyond the cage of clay. It is the temptation of every youth of to-day to eschew "the battle of the Lord," and to defy the command which comes to all, to "fight the good fight of faith." In the very garden of Paradise itself the serpent's crest is still protruding from its subtile ambush, and coyly lurking in the rosy spots among the leaves of libraries where the Word of God itself is nigh.

It was when Colenso, with a soul reduced to an unknown quantity, and an imagination squared in the framework of a quadratic equation, began to discover flaws in the chronology of Old Testament history, a would-be-learned laughter jeered at the hint of inspiration, and poltroon Christians began to have their doubts about the firmness of the landmarks. When Ernest Renan wrote a life of Jesus, as if he had been telling the biography of a pious tailor, then

fashion forgot its need of pardon, and unspelled the message of the print of the nails. When a college clique concocted an eclectic conspiracy against the things most surely believed amongst our sires, then degenerate sons grew hoarse with young-mannish admiration of "Essays and Reviews." When effeminate fiction told of Robert Elsmere selling his birth-right for a mess of pottage, ten thousand tyros posed as honest doubters, and joined in the same shallow barter for the sake of being hailed as "broad." But what are the sturdy facts? While intellectual youths have been affecting to wax wise over the latest new blasphemy, their mothers and their grandsires have been bending their white tresses over the precious promises, and lingering in the "green pastures" of the twenty-third Psalm. And when the fool has grown hoarse with carping "There is no God," and the philosopher has turned brain sick in his aim to disenchant the Bible, to supplant the Cross, and to discrown the Saviour, the aching head shall find the pillow faithful still; the seeking soul shall touch the same old altar horn, and the broken heart shall throb away its sorrow on the Eternal patience. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." "Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world?"

My youthful hearer, I would warn you earnestly against unbelief—the occasion of every other sin, and the very bond of iniquity. It does nothing for you but darken and destroy. It makes this world a moral desert, where no angels ever descend and ascend, where no living hand adorns the fields, or feeds the fowls of heaven, or regulates events. It makes this garden of God a mere automaton, and the history of Providence a mere succession of events, and man a creature of accidents, and prayer a simpleton's folly. Such poltroonism cuts off the vestiges of heaven that still remain on earth, and stops the way to every higher realm of achievement for the outlook of our race.

But there is a poltroonism of faith as well as of unbelief. It is that form of a belief which is fruitless of worthy thought and deed, that queer conception of salvation which unthumps itself for any mighty works or mighty rewards. It poltroons itself in the presence of its Maker rather than hold up its thumbs and its hands in willing consecration to an unbroken service in His holy cause. Faith demands action, not tears. It demands of us the power of sacrifice, the sole origin of salvation. It seeks souls to look down upon the needy world, and face fatigues without fear for its sake; but these antinomian poltroons fear fatigue, fear struggle, fear everything but that which is really fearful. Wherefore think they they were born, I

wonder? God has not placed man on this earth as his final dwelling, to waste his days in the slumber of indolence. Time passes them by, not like the light zephyr that caresses and refreshes the brow, but like the wind that now burns, now freezes ; a tempest that drives their frail bark among arid rocks, beneath a stormy sky. They must arise and watch—seize the oars and bedew their brows with perspiration. Man's life is made noble by the faithful recognition of duty—growing with his own growth, and accompanying him to the tomb ; a duty towards brothers as well as to himself ; a duty towards his country, towards humanity, and towards the Church—yes ; I would dare to say, above all, towards the Church—which, rightly understood, is but the home of the universal family, where the Father presides in love : the great city wherein dwells Christ, at once Priest, King and Ruler of the world, calling upon the free to unite in mutual love and helpfulness beneath the eternal law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, which maketh us free from the law of sin and death.

In my rehearsal of the important offices which have been given to the human thumb, I overlooked one which will be perceived as one of peculiar significance. I refer to its supreme office as a mediator between life and death. In the coliseum of ancient Rome, where the thousands of assembled men and maids and matrons, and the holy virgins

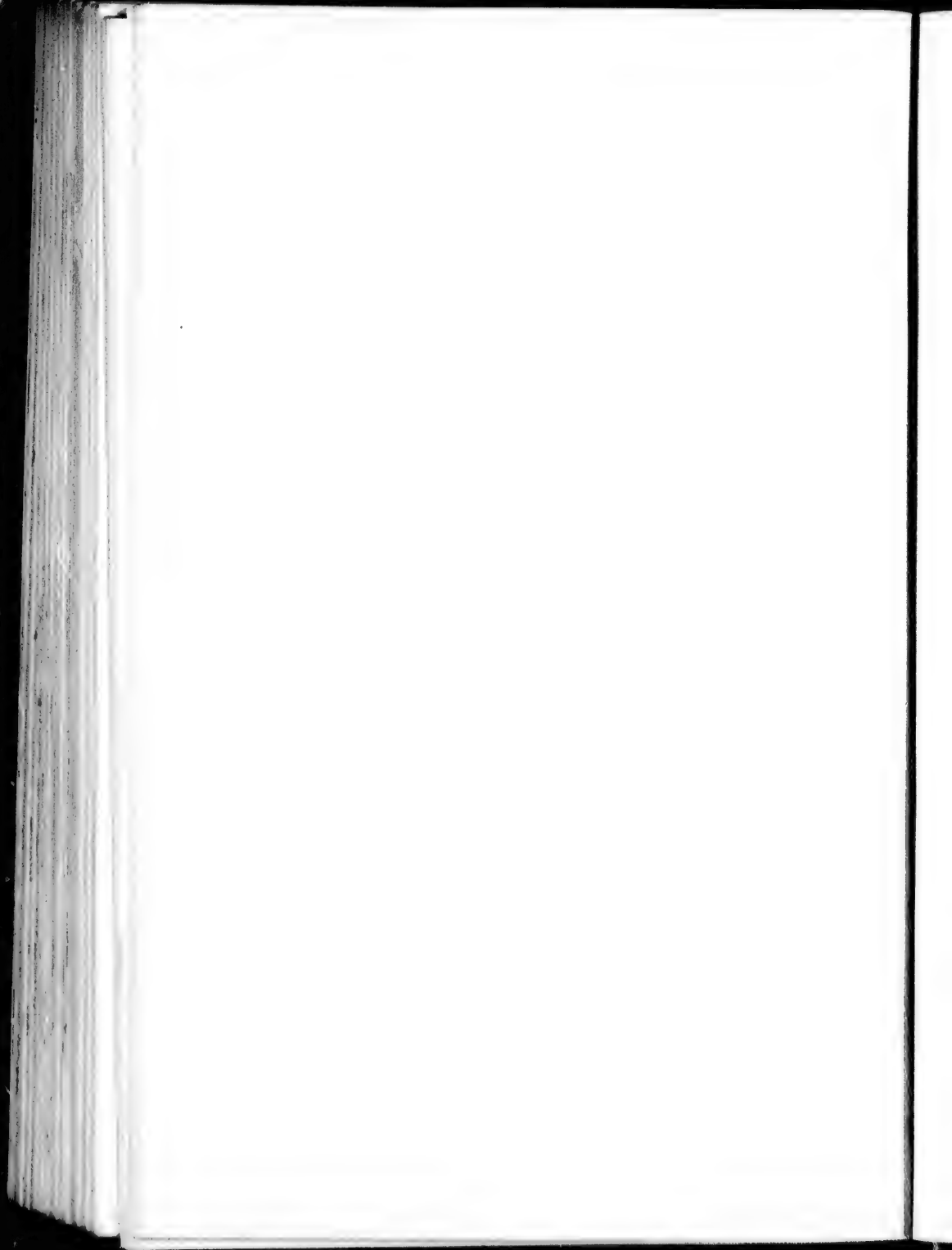
they called vestals, with the tribunes and senators and Cæsars, met to behold the cruel gladiatorial sports, it was the prerogative of the onlookers, especially as led by the emperor, to decide the fate of the defeated combatant, who lay at the feet of his victor with his hand uplifted for mercy. If the thumb of the emperor pointed toward the sky, the life of the petitioner was to be spared. But if his thumb, and those of the great crowd which followed him, should be pointed downwards toward the earth, then the rabble shouted "*Habet!*" through the amphitheatre, and the doom of the gladiator was sealed.

I will not stay to tell you what responsibility rests upon us for the lives of our fellows, so often in our hands; but I will call you to remember again the greatest truth that earth has ever heard, how that when this human race lay broken and bleeding at its enemy's feet, and all the hounds of hell cried, "Kill!" One came from the throne of the King, summoned by angelic hosts to hurry to the Cross of Death, and hold high up, in the King's name, the mediatorial hands—with thumbs uplifted to the sky—pleading that the defeated might be set free; and thus eternally be uplifted in the presence of the throne, from whence the constant message of the liberty of the captive is proclaimed, "seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

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## SERMONS.



## None but Thee.

(THE SOUL'S PORTION.)

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."—Ps. LXXIII. 25.

THERE is always a charm in these words for me. In twenty-six years' ministry I never preached from them as a text, because of their association with a sermon which I can never forget. During my first year in the ministry, I assisted in starting an English service in the German settlement of Hamburg. After preaching for some months in a concert hall to a few people, we were enabled to form a class, which became the nucleus of a society. By the exceeding liberality of that few, and some gifts from outside friends, we were enabled the next spring to put up a small brick church.

Small as it was, we were very ambitious, and, by a little effort on our part, we succeeded in securing the promise of the gifted Dr. Punshon to come to our dedicatory services. As the day drew very near we were struck with a fear of disappointment. Affliction



had come to the great man's home and heart. His wife, to whom he had been but a few months married, had sickened and died with solemn suddenness. We apprehended then, from each incoming mail, a notice that Dr. Punshon would not be able to come to us on account of affliction ; but no word came. I went to the last train previous to the hour of our service to meet him. He came. It was his first public service after his sorrow.

Following the exercises of the hymn and prayer, conducted by visiting clergymen, the time came for the announcement of the text. It spoke forth with uncommon pathos : "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," etc. I remember his reference to the heart's losses, and the joy we have in contemplation of heaven as the Father's keeping-place for those loved ones who have passed beyond the range of our narrower fellowship here. I remember his personal reference to failure of heart and flesh under the recent pressure of grief. I remember his witness to grace received, through which he came to us on that day that he might magnify the power of God in lifting up the human heart to heaven, while the feet still run along the earthly pave with peaceful messages for spirits puzzled with the problems of this changing scene.

I remember how the personal testimony of that hour enriched the truth of the text. I remember how I thought: It is really possible for our poor humanity to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour." I knew we had often marred that doctrine, and showed it in distorted shapes to men; but I was assured by what I heard that day that the doctrines of this book are for man—that man is intended to adorn them—that, though human bred and born, we are enabled to gird the gilded heaven with our grip of faith, and gather in the corners of this lesser earth as ours, and yet be only contented with a larger gift, the gift of God Himself, as we cry: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

The associations connected thus with this text have been the principal reason for my not preaching specially upon it. Much as I did love its whisper to my own heart, I felt incompetent to adorn its doctrines to the gaze of others. I feared to touch its sacred surface, lest the marks of my soiled hands should mar the beauty of its face and prevent those who came to its threshold from beholding, "as in a glass, the glory of the Lord." Recently, however, I have been called to it from a study of the Psalm. My path in life has been laid, for a little while, alongside of some discouraged souls, who, having "seen the

prosperity of the wicked," have had "waters of a full cup wrung out to them," and have been led to cry, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?" For a Scripture lesson we read the Psalm. It has a naturalness to it which makes one think it had been written in America instead of Asia, three days ago instead of three thousand years.

This Psalm is number one of what is called the Third Book. It bears the name of Asaph at its head. It was written while the children of Israel were in captivity. Asaph was a musician, one of prominent worth among the people of God in that foreign land. He had the sagacious outlook which comes to the poet, and the spiritual scales which weigh all things in their relation to God and goodness. Such is evidenced by the lesson so vivid in the poem before us. It is hard to lead the singing when there is little to sing about. There is no real good singing in the sanctuary where souls are sunken in the sorrows of the sod, or wearied with the weight of a worldly warfare.

Asaph wrote the words of this Psalm in the light—the dawning of the morning had come after a night of disturbing dreams. The firm, hard rock of Faith had been reached after a season of tossing amid waves of doubt. His words are expressive of a conclusion, the issue of a mental struggle after the truth. It was the truth he had reached, for he begins his

song with: "Truly—truthfully—God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." Then he rehearses the conflict through which he had passed. His "feet were almost gone." He was "envious of the foolish when he saw the prosperity of the wicked."

We should not think it strange to find these doubts and questionings when we consider the surroundings in which the seer then dwelt. Amid the pomp of kings, the pride of wealth, the air of content, which seemed to fill the unceasing play-hours of the heathen round about, it was reasonable for those who had to go in the slave's garment and bear the oppression of their ungodly masters, to ask: Is it not better to be the servants of sin than to be the children of Jehovah? "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?" See, these are the ungodly who prosper! That is plain enough. "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency. For all the day long have I been plagued, and chastened every morning." Facts are stubborn things. They cannot be destroyed. We must draw our conclusions from our facts; we have no other legitimate factors with which to reach our conclusions. So thought the seer when he saw only these things. Before settling down to accept the conclusions which seemed so inevitable, he set

himself to valuation of beliefs. If he should accept, and believe, and speak thus, it would be a great offence to those who clung to being the children of Jehovah, and it would also be a repudiation of the history of the generations of Israel and the wonderful works of God, to which they were the witnesses in the earth.

So, Asaph tells us, it was more than he could bear—the present facts on the one hand, the traditions and beliefs of the people on the other. In his distress he went into the secret place with God. Here he was lifted up out of the narrower and more discouraging view of the case, and led to see the relation of present things to the past and to the future. This present situation was abnormal. God's people were side-tracked in an enemy's land. They were not on the main line of march to their destination in the will of Jehovah. Now, he saw the historic sweep. He saw Israel in her prosperous days ; how, before her, armies fled, and to her the kings and queens of the earth bowed down. He saw that it was the effect of their yielding to idolatrous notions that brought them into the captivity thereof.

To cure this envy, aroused over the "prosperity of the wicked," it was only necessary to see their "end." To see the end they sought—how unworthy! To see the end they reached—how terrible! The means

they were employing to work out this end were very desirable means ; but unto them they were a power to destruction instead of salvation. Then, to see the "end" of the children of Jehovah—how worthy to seek ! How glorious to attain in the "determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God." These visions in the sanctuary of God brought first a feeling of shame that doubt had destroyed so much that would have comforted and sustained. Following this came the renunciation of unrighteous thoughts and a return of the heart to God.

So this narrative, like all human records, has its "if" and its "but," and then its "nevertheless." Notwithstanding it all, above and beyond it all, out of it all, despite it all—the riches of the ungodly, the prosperity of the wicked, the pride and haughtiness of the enemies, the plagued children of Jehovah, the chastened prophet himself—"Nevertheless I am continually with thee." Thou hast holden me by my right hand. I see Thy presence through it all, "continually." It is all right ! Heaven and earth are ours, for God is with us. "Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." Afterward will do for the glory, give me the counsel now. Thy counsel obeyed will bring Thy glory to follow. I ask no other guide. I seek no other good but thine. It is the children's meat and drink who are

the partakers of the Divine nature. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

A great theme this, is it not? How close to you does it come? It comes very close to me. Do you ever think you see the preacher feeling rather blue? Would you think I ever sit down and look around me and say: "It is the foolish who prosper, and it is the thoughtless only who are glad"? The games and the sports have claimed the time and the effort, and the heart and the means of the most vigorous and best qualified for service to God. Joy seems only in the house of the godless, and in the company where His name is not revered. Prosperity seems to be associated only with the greed of gain and the oppression of the poor and the defiance of the "avenger of him that is oppressed." Therefore, the children from the Sunday School go out and return hither to me and say: "Pastor, I don't believe God knows. The men who are wicked are strong, and conquer in the world. The men of God are weak; they say nothing and are sad. I have cleansed my heart in vain; I have taken my pledge in vain; I have said my prayers in vain. Why does not God show Himself, and His followers do honor to Him if He is their Lord?" Do you think I ever say: "Why did I not abide in the bank and get rich, as others have

done? Why did I not listen to those voices which called me to lend my God-given powers to sound the praises of the earthly, and be a leader of the thought that wins the applause of men? Why do I continue to harp on the one string of a holy life, a cross-bearing care, and only the dream of a coming bliss? Verily, I have cleansed my thought in vain and lent my tongue to themes too lofty to be seen of men and too fine for contact with the rough-hewn hearts of this hard and practical age." O, my earthly associates, I have been through it all, and I come to you this hour with the "nevertheless" of the singer of this Psalm. "Nevertheless"—after all and over all—the Lord has been with me and has never let go of me. He has holden me by my right hand, and I have sworn anew that He shall guide me by His counsel and afterward receive me to glory. I ask no glory now; I have not time to wear it. There is so much to be done in the counsel of God to accomplish the great end He has in view. The end of the wicked shall be cut off, but "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," shining forth in the kingdom of their Father.

Our emphasis, therefore, is brought to bear upon the conclusion of one who had seen the wicked flourish as a green bay tree, and had seen the children of God toiling with measured steps and slow; but who



had seen it through the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear Him. Whatever of choice his bewildered heart was making in the direction of its earthly yielding, it dropped them all, and, flinging its tendrils out to heaven's breeze, it cried aloud, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

Now, just think a minute! What estimate do we put upon such an utterance as this from a human spirit? Do our souls admire it, or do they esteem it lightly as the rhapsody of an enthusiast? Have we ever—in our most private or our more public expression—declared as our experience: "My soul thirsteth for God, even for the living God." Others have uttered it, and we have sung it in hymn and anthem as a worthy theme for song. Are our souls thirsty for God? Is it a natural thirst? Can it be satisfied?

When we read the words expressed in our text, it seems to take all the religion we have, and a little more, to rise to the enjoyment of them. May that little more come to us in a special grace this hour, that the blessing pass not all away from our reach.

There can be nothing greater for a soul to covet than what is desired and claimed in these words of Asaph. He ascends to heaven, roams through all its sights and scenes, beholds the spirits of the just made perfect, with all that earth's memories hold as dear,

and finds no satisfaction for his longings there, save in the King Himself—the Creator, the Father—the feeder of his soul's life and being. A big soul, surely, that could not find content in less, when all heaven's resources are laid at his feet.

I try to measure myself by it, to know the truth of it, before I speak to you! I look up to the heaven of God. My mother is there; my father is there; my sister is there; my little children are there; my best ministerial friends have gone there—W. J. Maxwell, Ezra A. Stafford, Samuel J. Hunter, Donald G. Sutherland—and a host of others, whose companionship was very precious. How can I say: "Whom have I in heaven but thee?"

But what are all these to me here in the trials and tests of life's day? They cannot help me! I cannot trust in them. They cannot forgive my failings and breathe into me a new inspiration for a braver and better life each following day. They may be able—I think they are—in ways unknown to me, to impress my life with their loving interest; but if so it is only according to the will of God, made known to them as they serve Him day and night in His temple. My soul cannot look to them for succor. I count them all over, and know they have not lost their love for me and interest in me. But I am in need of One greater and mightier—One who knows my heart, and

—oh, yes!—One whose I am, who plans my life and apprehends a destiny for me in His wisdom and love. And so I join with the old musician, singing, “Whom have I in heaven but thee?”

And I look about upon the earth. My wife and children love me and would lay down their lives for me. I have friends which stick closer than a brother. The Church is kind, and if they knew all my needs they would do even more than they do to try and meet them; but I have burdens no other heart can bear. There is needed a help the most generous and loving of earth cannot give. There is a wine-press I tread alone every day; and from its platform I look out, as did the ancient seer, and cry, “There is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.” It is when my flesh and my heart fail I am compelled to turn away from all others to the only heart’s-ease for souls made in His image, and own that “God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.”

My friends in God, we live in the dark when we seek not the Father’s face as the light of our life; and there is no place where these precious truths are encouraged and exemplified, and where the problems of life can be solved by an elevated view, other than the “sanctuary of God.” Here is the place where perplexity finds a simplicity, where grief finds a balm, and weariness a rest. “All these things” were “too

painful" for Asaph, until he went into the "sanctuary of God." This house may be to you that sacred place just now, if such you make it by your upward look and yearning heart. From out this holy place, this gracious hour, you may go forth with the lesson learned and the blessing gained.

Perhaps you have been sufficiently observant in your life to have seen the devotion of the marguerite, or of the little daisy flower, growing by your wayside path. You have watched how, all the day long, it follows with its little golden eye the march of the sun over its circuit in the heavens. Continually it has turned its face with the onward movement of the heavenly orb, and watched with uttermost fidelity till the sun has sunken in the golden west. Then daisy closed its little eye, and settled down to sleep. You saw the electric lamp fling out its brilliant beam, and light the very spot where daisy slumbers; but no response from daisy. You saw the moon rise up in her full-orbed splendor, and send down her silvery rays close by the couch of daisy; but the little sleeper heeded them not. By-and-bye a whole sky full of lighted stars came out and lent their beams to the moon's fond radiance; but all the combination of attractions failed to win the opening eye, or unfold the golden breast of daisy. Unmoved throughout the whole night-time. The morning came; and when you saw

the sun arise again, and send his rays of light and warmth across the pathway, you saw daisy awake, and open up, without reserve, her little face and heart. And why this partiality? I think you know: the sunshine is the only stimulus of vital action, by the light of which it can be a daisy, and live a daisy life.

I know you catch the analogy. You hear the daisy saying to the sun: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. Mine eye droopeth and my form fadeth; but thou art the strength of my life and my portion continually."

Shall the daisy help us with our lesson? Will you believe and prove that God is the only light and warmth which can awake our sleeping nature to life, and bring it forth in the beauty designed in creation and in redemption, and in every precept and every promise pronounced to the pilgrims of these passing years?

Let us lift up our hearts, and turn our faces aloft, tear-stricken with perplexity though they be. The light that greets us will be a Father's face, and the warmth of His radiant smile will chase away the chill of lingering night, and call out the language of our quickened souls: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee."

## The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—  
REV. XIV. 3. "And they sing the song of Moses . . . and the song  
of the Lamb."—REV. XV. 3.

THERE is a special benediction pronounced upon those who read the words of this prophecy. This stirs the aspiring soul to a prayerful study, and a plea for the fulfilment of the promise: "To him that knocketh it shall be opened."

Stand a little while with me this morning upon the threshold of the unseen and beyond—that realm which is as true and potent in its influence over us as anything we have seen in this career.

The veil is lifted in that revelation given to our fellow-servant John, and written by command to stir our hope. It is full of messages which have been a solace and strength to us in all the variations of our human hours.

We are here as Bible students. Whatever of difference there is between us and the worldling, or the slave of sin and unbelief comes from the Bible. Shut up this book and we are imprisoned, and we may

abandon ourselves to a pitiless fate. We may shout and cry, yet there is no answer save the echo of our cry. But we are here with the Bible before us. To us there is no darkness unbroken, and no problem but a possible solution has been rendered, and the forecast of its outcome laid before our faith.

At the conclusion of the messages to the seven churches, of which John was the pastor, we have the record: "Behold, a door was opened in heaven." Following this is the rehearsal of what was made manifest through that open door. No doubt this door opening was largely—though not entirely—subjective, *i.e.*, in the mind of John himself. Education opens a door to the human mind, and makes the interior of the temple of knowledge visible. Open up the eyes of the blind man, and you may record the event by saying: "A door was opened into this world for him."

There was one thing very certain about John's experience at this time. All other doors had been closed to him; he had no outlook which gave him any pleasurable thought, and yet he says: "I looked." Yes; where did he look? Not back toward the mainland, where his friends and home and churches were: that opens no vision, excepting such as memory gives of scenes gone by. "I looked!" There was no whither on which to look, save that

which the soul chooses when it is freed from earthly ties. So he looked upward. If he had not looked, to him no door in heaven would have opened. It is the "lookers" who become the seers. And we learn that one look did not bring all the revelation. He looked again and again. It was because he was a "looker" that he was invited to "come and see." It was when he looked that he saw the "Lamb standing upon Mount Zion." It was when he looked again that he saw "the white cloud and the Son of man seated thereupon, with a golden crown and a sharp sickle." It was when he looked again that he saw the opening of the "temple of the tabernacle of testimony." O surely! it is those who look that see. In this universe of infinite wealth we finite souls shall see only that kind for which we look.

John saw the "throne of God"; he saw "the Lamb in the midst of the throne"; he saw heavenly beings and earthly ones in one great act of worship. And they did assuredly worship "the Lamb." I am glad that this is so recorded. We lift our voices down here in strains of worship to Jesus Christ. Sometimes we have been called idolaters by those of our brethren who have assumed a Unitarian name. Ours is a worship approved in heaven. The angels—cherubim and seraphim—worship Him. If we are wrong, then they are wrong. Surely I need not be



wiser in this matter than the "angels of God." If they stand round the throne and sing: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and honor and glory and power," surely I can join in the strain:

" Let earth and heaven agree,  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind ;  
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name."

And theirs was a worship of song. Song is the language of triumph. Even when melancholy triumphs in us for a time, our song becomes a minor, and pours forth a funeral dirge—strange mingling of a temporary grief, through which hope sings in sackcloth. When hope triumphs, she flings off her sackcloth and sings in bold and major numbers. It is easy for fulfilled desire to sing, *i.e.*, when that desire has been within the spirit-air, where music floats. Not all forms of thought can sing. The houses of Legislature or the Senatorial halls have no ideas for Music's scale. The Board of Trade, or joint-stock company, think not of opening or closing their meetings with song ; not even the Science Association of Britain or America thinks of associating song with its sessions. There is clear admission that their

business is too low-set for song ; that their ideas are not above the shallow exercises of this passing day. They need no wings, for they belong to the dust of earth.

Songs are the soul's language spoken into the unseen. It is not to one another we sing. It may be sometimes for one another, and oftentimes with one another, when "all partake the joys of one," and "the common peace we feel." Songs are the soul's transfiguration of speech, when the Divine sounds through the human and bespeaks the parentage sublime. I am full well aware that, as on one occasion the vessels of God's temple were desecrated to the service of heathen wine-bibbers, so may the harps of God be strung for the Bacchanalian revelries and the mirth which is the mocking mimicry of joy ; but it is the prostitution of the Divine in man, and the prostitutes are few. Do you not remember the peculiar and significant phraseology of the singer of Israel, when he declared : "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." Just look at that ! "Thy statutes have been my songs." "Thy" and "my" indicate the conscious fellowship of God and man. "The house of my pilgrimage !" Look at that ! How clearly is declared the consciousness of this as a pilgrim state, with this house as a temporary abode ! It is really the same phraseology

as that of the later "child of hope" who sang : " When the house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved." It is in this temporary condition the Psalmist sings : " Thy statutes have been my songs." What are statutes ? What is the meaning of *statuo* ? You who go to school every day can tell us. Statutes are things fixed, decreed, set, which cannot be otherwise—certainties !—eternal realities ! O yes ! we can read it. Thy certainties have been my songs in the changing courses of my pilgrimage ! Thy eternal truths, fixed in my soul, are my songs in the night seasons and in the storm :

" While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high."

Thy statutes anchor my soul within the veil, sure and steadfast ! That idea must be repudiated which places the soul's songs as among the mutatory effects of exhilaration or enthusiasm. The song is the soul's voice of trust singing the statutes amid the crumbling of earth-built castles. It is the law that sings—mind that ! The spheres are set to the music of the statutes. Why do we not think more about all these great things ? Why do not God's children study everything that is for the Father's sake and their own ? It is all for them, created and redeemed from destruction for their sake. Tell me, just here, why it is

that we have a musical scale of eight notes, the eighth being a return to the first! Tell me why the seventh cries out for the finality of the eighth, and no song could end on the seventh! Tell me why the first or eighth, which are alike, is the keynote to which all the rest are related, and to which all must return for a peaceful rest!

Then tell me why it is the same with days: the first and eighth, being the same, give us the keynote by which to regulate the operation of the six which fill the interval! Tell me why the Son of God, when moving through this sphere of days, died on the sixth day, which corresponds to the note on which all the minor chords, voicing the requiems of the sad, are posited! Tell me why the eighth day was made the Lord's day, on which He rose from the grave to begin the new octave of salvation's song, which He sings in glory: "I am the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: which was dead and is alive forever more"! Tell me why all this was prefigured a thousand years before in acts and facts and sacrifices, Divinely commanded to be performed or offered on the eighth day; that on this day the Lord revealed Himself in glory to Aaron and his sons after they had waited the full seven days at the door of the tabernacle; that on this eighth day the lepers were cleansed, the Feast of First Fruits kept, and, likewise, the Feast of Pentecost on

the eighth day, fifty days after the Feast of First Fruits; and also the Feast of Tabernacles, which pointed to the time when God would tabernacle with men and wipe away all tears from their eyes! The eighth day is a return to the first; but we can neither begin nor end the scale without the consciousness of both. The first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath, and it is the eighth day of the whole Jewish ritual, and between these two all the history of the work of salvation comes.

It is the "statutes" that are to be our songs—no maudlin sentiments of a passing emotion: such die down with the breeze which stirred them. The statutes abide. Law is musical, for it is orderly. The "law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus" gives the soul its freedom, and sets all its goings agoing.

But who of God's witnesses cares to study all these things, and stand as the interpreters to men of God's great gifts? The great world loves music and knows not yet its meaning. God's children only can ever know; it is given to them to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven.

But we only can know who seek to know. It is the reward of a patient, faithful search. We gyrate around upon a few well-founded platitudes, and think ourselves sincere followers of Christ. We sing—we know not what; we ask not why. We fear even to

look upward or forward, lest we be compelled to fold up our tents and seek the land of the prospect. Hence, we are slothful and indolent disciples.

Often your teachers go up into the mount of God, and see visions of truth which stir them to lead you out ; but they fall flat on the unaspiring crowd. I have sat down and wept on, many a time, through sheer loneliness—through lack of appreciation of what has fairly transfigured my spirit with its heavenly glow. I have often retreated into the common-place and stayed there because there was none to arise and go up into the land of promise.

"And they sang as it were a new song." That was because they were redeemed from the earth, and no man could learn it but a redeemed one. This teaches us that we shall not all be merged into one class when we reach that blest abode. The angels and the redeemed will be distinct in their experiences. They can tell us much of yonder sphere, and in due time we will come into their conditions and understand their loftiest thoughts ; but our experience will be a mystery to the wisest of them. My best angel chum cannot sing my song of grace. He has never wept, never sorrowed, never sinned, never given birth to a child and mourned over the pale, cold face of the dead one ; he has never yearned over a prodigal son or daughter. Ah, indeed, more ! He has never

writhed in the agonies of guilt, and cried from his heart depths: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But you and I, should we meet there, could sing together. We have shared each other's woes; we have borne our mutual burdens; we have wept the same tears; we have cried the same cry for help; we have received the same consolation, and so we can sing the same song of triumph. Maybe the angels can play our accompaniments. I think it is likely, for the angels are forever servants, but men forever sons.

"A new song!" I have been looking over our hymn book—and there are few better, as you know—but I find in it many topics which we shall never need over yonder: "Warning and inviting," "penitential hymns," "for believers praying," "for believers watching," "for believers suffering," "for believers fighting," "for burials." All these belong to the wilderness journey, the pilgrimage and the warfare. In the midst of the throne they sing "a new song."

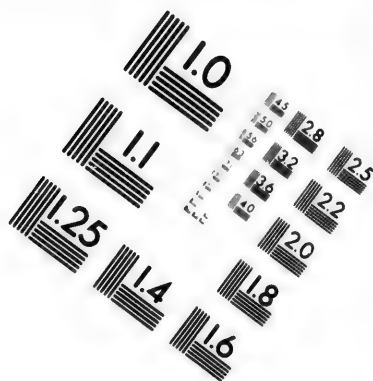
Our second text says: "They sing the song of Moses . . . and the song of the Lamb." Right! for verily, indeed, they are closely related.

I read over for you this morning the song of Moses. Did you notice its opening address, its prelude incomparable? "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth." That is

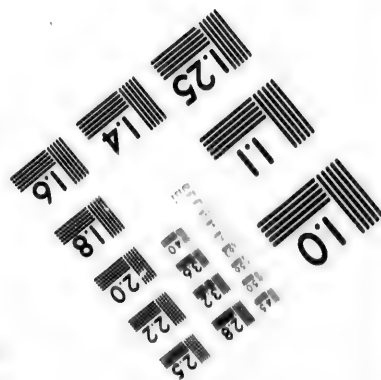
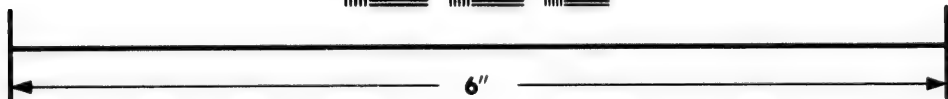
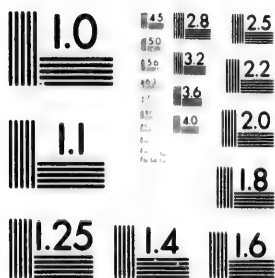
music! No speaker of prose needs so large an auditorium in which to give his oration. Look at that again!—"Give ear, O ye heavens," while I sing. Quickly, now, turn over all the pages between the Pentateuch and the Apocalypse! Look in through the open door! Listen! "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God." Ah! Did not the heavens give ear, and did not the earth also hear the words of his mouth? Oh, 'tis wonderful!—but not so wonderful either. The subject of the song demands it. Men with little subjects may content themselves with class-rooms and corners, with favored spots and chosen hearers; but Moses is going to sing about God. There is only one God! Does He not fill the heavens and the earth? Then, all must hear of His wonderful works; that is the grandeur of the Bible. It is big with every element of worth; and its grasp is like its outreach—infinite. The song of Moses was a song of God. It could, therefore, be sung in heaven.

Moreover, it was a song of redemption. It was taught to the people at the end of the pilgrimage, to sing in the land of their inheritance. It was a song of God's dealing with man, redeeming him from his enemy and from his bondage, and giving him a liberty to serve God and partake of his eternal bounties. It was a new song, and no man could learn it but they





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that had been redeemed. Moses wrote it in a day ; that is the way songs come. You cannot work on a song ; it is now or never. It is easy or it is impossible. It is an inspiration, or it may be a respiration. It comes from above, or it rises up from the hidden depths. It may be both. The inspiration comes, and it searches the deepest recesses of the soul, and gives a vital energy to the hidden things by which they come forth and are born into an active life.

Then Moses taught this song to the children of Israel. They could learn it. No man in Moses' day could learn that song but the redeemed. No other could understand its wonderful range of utterance. There must be no singing in an unknown tongue. So far back as that day, they must "sing with the spirit and the understanding." The song of Moses contained history and statute and judgment, counsel and warning and promise. It was the first chapter of Redemption's story. It told of the struggle to free them from the outward enemy which had enslaved them ; it then rehearsed the intenser conflict of redeeming and liberating them from the enemies within. It was written in the bass clef ; its octave note would be reached, and its upper registers filled out, when the Lamb should be "in the midst of the throne."

Learned at the end of the pilgrimage by the pilgrims themselves, it was their Canaan song through

all the years of their history. David's psalms are paraphrases of the song of Moses, which he taught them on purpose to sing in Canaan's temple, on Zion Mount, in the City of Jerusalem—the early “saints’ abode, whose founder is the living God.”

We can easily understand, then, that in the musical programme of that occasion, when John was present “in the spirit,” there should be a place for “the song of Moses, the servant of God.” But, you say, that is not a new song. Oh, yes; it will be new in the light of heaven. In the light of sun and stars it would, perhaps, grow old. In the rehearsals by the lamp's pale glimmer, and of the candle burning in the socket, it might easily enough grow old; but the occasion has come when “the sun shall no more be the light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light”—the unfading day, when “they shall need neither candle nor light of the sun, for the Lamb shall be the light thereof.” In this new light all will be new. The song will be a song of meanings. Problems which we sighed over in perplexity a thousand times down here; events that took all the bloom out of our cheek, and all the bravery out of our heart; days of struggle, of fear, of failure, of dark imaginings, which we could not escape and could not understand, will all be seen in the relation they bore to the forecast and providence of

God. Our backward look over "all the way the Lord our God hath led us," will be a new scene entirely. Embarrassed, circuitous, dark as it has so often seemed, as we pursued it with our tiny lamp in hand, it will then appear like a silvery thread of light a-down the mountain side, up which the Father's hand has safely guided us.

I know that thoughtless souls have sometimes sighed at what they have feared will be the tedium, the monotony, the sickening satiety of the other life. The perfect sweetness of heaven palls upon their appetite. They think its routine and safety of condition will tire, without satisfying, our souls, fitted for achievements and conquests without end. But the song will be ever new. It is the beginning of the unfolding of the eternal life, the life unfading—unwearying—no monotone, but many toned. The singers are described as having the "harps of God"—harps of infinite capacity, exceeding the harp of a thousand strings—wherewith to express the story of Providential wonders, and the long-hidden secrets of man and angel, and the outreaching victories of principalities and powers in heavenly places.

"THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE SONG OF  
THE LAMB."

Who first began the story of the Lamb? Was it not Moses, when the redemption of Israel from Egyptian bondage was effected? Is not this song the sublime fulfilment of the earliest letter of atonement, of remission by meritorious blood? Was not Jesus the Saviour first introduced to John as the "Lamb of God"? Has He not always borne that tender name? Has not His death been set forth as the one great fact of time, giving significance to every other by its relation thereto? In the worship of Heaven the old orthodox note will rise to a powerful place in song. We had better not forget it. Listen! "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain." Is that the one thing worth an ecstatic mention? Is this the pæan of a song of triumph? Oh, no! not after the manner of men! "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain." Aye! slain that he might "give repentance to Israel and the remission of sins"; slain that we might find a way to "glory and honor and eternal life"; slain for you, my listening fellow-sinner, still careless of your soul's salvation, and heedless of your eternal doom; slain for the hardened veterans of guilt, whose foul defiance has echoed in His pitying ears for threescore years

and ten ; slain for all, that the "righteousness of God might be revealed," which knoweth no fail, and that "all might come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved."

My time is gone. We must apply this lesson to our own souls. The context is clearly expressed : "No man could learn that song but the redeemed from the earth." They did not learn it after entering heaven. They entered heaven because they had learned it on earth. It is the fitness of things declared. Worship is fitted to the Lamb. "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain." Now it is, "Worthy art thou to sing, for thou art redeemed." There shall in no wise enter into that chorus anything that defileth, neither worketh discord or maketh a false note. Harmony only by the perfect attunement of hearts! We all know that is right. In this world of the Creator's skill organisms are fitted to localities, minds are fitted to bodies, and laws ordered for both. In the social order character graduates the possession of place. In the intellectual life scholarship fills the professor's chair. We find perfection in fitness. There is a peculiar sensitiveness in the realm of song. To interblend with the "harps of God" the singers must be keyed up to the point of redeeming love. The pilgrimage here is the rehearsal. Let us understand this. Life is the training process for the

culture of our hearts, and of our utterance, and of our ears to hear. This is God's seminary, His College of Music for the race of immortals to learn the song and how to sing it together. First alone, then in families, then in church, then in society, "till we all come in the unity of the Spirit, and the consecration of our powers, to a perfect chorus in the fulness of Christ."

If we only realized this as we should, we would not fret at our exercises, so often without much tune to them, as we think. We have much to learn; but, oh! let us learn it. We must practise our individual part, and know it well. We must not forget the assembling of ourselves together for rehearsal, for this is also needful. We must not forget what we have learned, as the children of Israel did the song of Moses. Unto this let us take heed.

Have you learned the song? Can you and your fellow-heirs sing it sweetly together? Do you hear a discord? Is some one flat? Then we must tune up anew. Let us take our pitch from the voice of our beloved Lord, the "*vox humana*," in its pure, divinely-given expression, and thus bring our heartstrings into filial accord. Then let us lend our voices to each other's hearing till we are conscious of a sweet attunement. Thus shall we rehearse within the outer porch of earth that melody which, within our



morning's vision, ten thousand thousand sing before  
the throne. And when our earth rehearsal is complete we shall be called to take our part in the chorus of redemption, and in that

. . . "Noblest, sweetest song,  
Sing forth His power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave."

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